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THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLIII No. 1873 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — DEC. 14 1935

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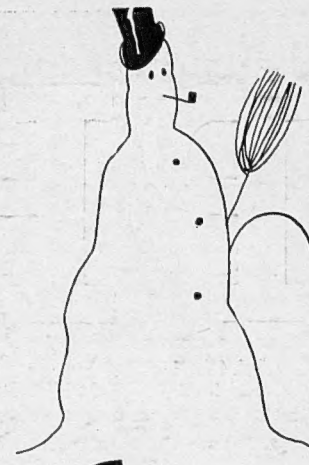

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The attractive Carton for Christmas is illustrated below.

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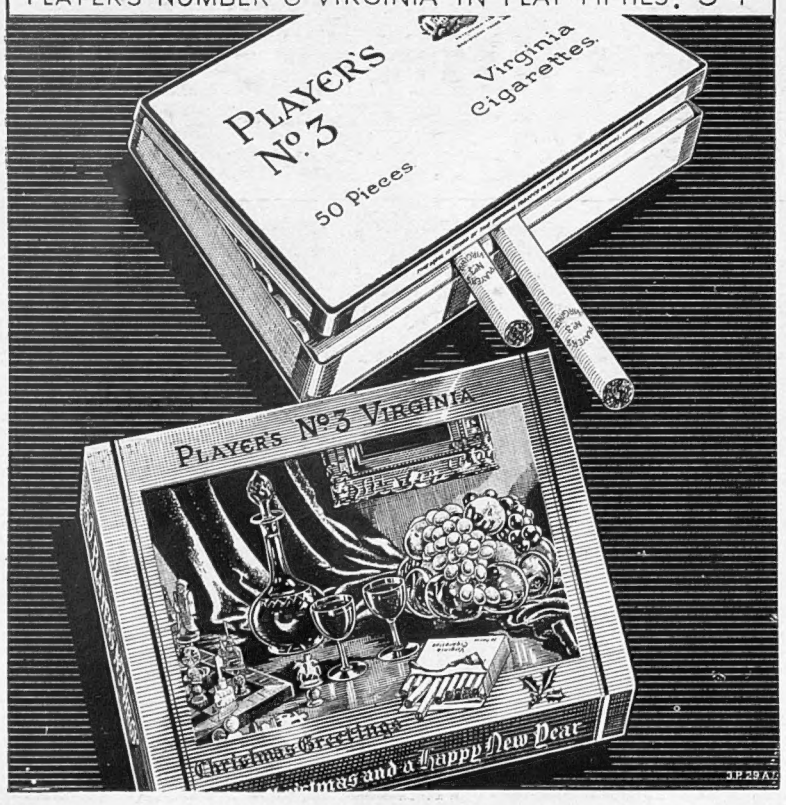

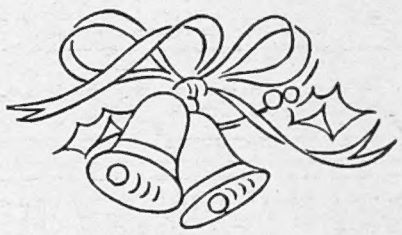

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THE SPHERE
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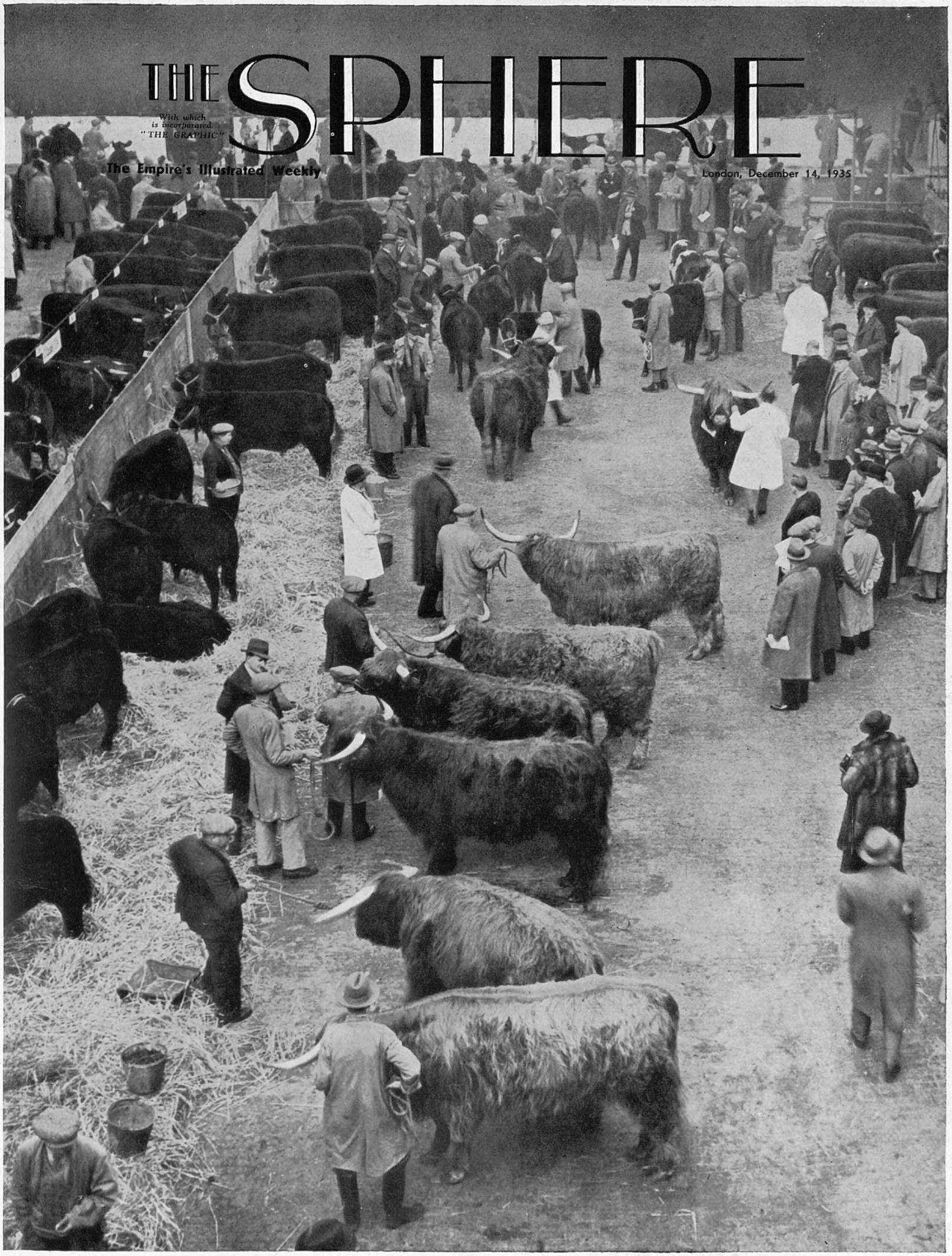
London, December 14, 1935



The Country Comes to Town

The Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, on the Opening Day of the Smithfield Club's Show

Farming folk have once again been flocking into London this week for the Smithfield Show, and just as there was a record number of entries in all sections, so was there an attendance well above the average; indications not only of the popularity of this great annual display but of the increasing prosperity of the agricultural industry which, tardily perhaps, but none the less definitely, is undergoing a revival. The outstanding features of the first day were the King's successes, his Windsor Elita, a twelve-month-old heifer, winning the baby beef championship, while in the Highland Cattle Class, entries for which are seen in the above picture, His Majesty's steers from Sandringham were also prominent. The Challenge Cup for the best beast in the show was won by Mr. J. J. Cridlan with his heifer, Pride of Maisemore 55th, which at just under three years old weighs no less than 15 cwt.

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d. Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

THE NAVAL CONFERENCE STARTS IN LONDON: Mr. Baldwin, who opened the proceedings, with M. Corbin, the French Ambassador, on his right, and on his left Viscount Monsell, First Lord of the Admiralty, Earl Stanhope, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Ernle Chatfield. A picture taken in the Locarno Room at the Foreign Office during the first meeting last Monday, when representatives of the five leading sea Powers met to renew discussions on the limitation and reduction of armaments. The Premier, in his address, stressed particularly the desirability of abolishing the submarine

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, December 11, 1935.

ON TERMS.—France and England have been some time engaged in the gentle art of finding a formula for the Abyssinian tangle. Some time back Mussolini considered and rejected a basis of negotiation in a form quite convenient to France, viz., Abyssinia would make Italy a Christmas present of chunks of Tigré Province and Ogaden, in return for favours received this autumn and dear old Father Christmas (John Bull in the customary cotton-wool beard and flannel dressing-gown) would fill the Ethiopian stocking with a jolly little harbour complete with ships and docks on an appropriate and sunlit sea. And so the day would dawn with peace on earth and goodwill among the nations and a background of silver angels playing on golden harps. The formula was very much to the credit of M. Laval, who is nearly as adroit a statesman and diplomat as the Emperor of Abyssinia. The basis of negotiation is now varied and is to be considered by the Duce. If Mussolini's early silence is not a foreboding of "nothing doing," a time for negotiation would follow during which there would be a further deferring of the only sanction which could have the smallest effect on ending the war—oil. It is hoped that Abyssinian mud and the threat of the oil sanction may have softened his heart. Broadly, the latest suggestions now put forward embrace the cession to Abyssinia of a port in Eritrea such as Assab, with a "corridor" to it, and the means to build a linking railway. Italy to take part of Ogaden and Tigré but not half as much as she wants. Small wonder if none of the parties concerned view the possibility of agreement very hopefully. There is no secret about why half measures are still the order of the day.

OIL ON TROUBLED WATERS.—Oil is supposed to allay the worst manifestations of a typhoon, if it be generously given out. Mussolini, who smiled at sanctions at first and declared that Italy was self-supporting and asked neither for credits nor commodities from any alien nation, blew the gaff on his weak point when it came to oil. Sanctions are one thing, an oil sanction in particular quite another. The war in Abyssinia moves on oil, if not always on oiled wheels. In diplomacy indeed the Duce is sometimes either too clever and elaborate or curiously clumsy. He probably has too much on his mind and too many anxieties and problems to admit of constant watchfulness and forethought. In any case when oil sanctions were mooted, he showed his whole hand and was clearly touched on the raw. It was clumsy to single out the oil sanction resolve for a threat (and a very plain, forcible threat) to all the smaller nations who should agree to impose it, and clumsy also to except from his bullying the two big bullies. Oil is, at the moment, the keynote of the Abyssinian problem. France believes the threat may still suffice to bring a peaceful settlement, and on that account does not fret at all under the agonising deliberation of the decision to impose it. England, I doubt not, is not greatly perturbed by fresh scare rumours, nor pays much attention to reports of troop movements. The Abyssinian adventure may drag on or may have an unexpectedly sudden end in bathos or compromise. A triumph for Italy (unless a fabricated and purely "family" triumph) it cannot produce, and of one thing I am quite certain—it will cost Mussolini some of the best years of his span of life and rob him of some of the achievement which those years of power have produced and might still produce. He will be more than a superman if it does not break him at last and grievously set back the progress he has won in Italy. He drew the sword, admittedly after severe provocation, but he drew it in defiance of Italy's pledges, and he will "perish" by the sword.

GREECE AND HER KING.—The King of the Hellenes has had a hectic time since his restoration. His Albemarle, General Kondylis, ex-Dictator and King-maker, had hardly finished priming him with what he was to say and do, before the King revealed very clearly that he had been thinking things out for himself and that he had a mind, and perhaps other advisers, of his own. In the first few days, his restored throne rocked again, and it was nip and tuck if he went once more on his travels. His courage and determination—never was a time more difficult for maintaining these virtues—have won him the first round. Kondylis seems to have made several false moves. He showed his personal feelings—especially against Venizelos (and it is hard to blame him, if he still bitterly remembers the danger and trouble which Venizelos' late intrigues cost him); he made rather childish and very mischievous efforts to checkmate the King's determination to grant a whole-hog amnesty, and he lost in esteem in these few days with the King, nation, and army. It seems that the King had 90 per cent. of the nation behind him in the resolve to let bygones be bygones and to enlist all the national talents to create a new and united Greece. Against this majority were ranged Kondylis, Tsaldaris, and a number of high officers in the army who stand by Kondylis and the rigour of the sentences imposed after the late rising. Even Kondylis ruefully admitted admiration for the King's achievement. The King gained enormously in reputation in those few days. Even the most staunch republicans have come reluctantly to admire his courage, openness, and fair dealing. He has learned a lot from Britain as I anticipated. His ideal is a fine one, in theory it is unexceptionable, since only by composing old differences and enlisting all available talents can a new and united Greece arise. But, in practice, can the Greeks put off the passion for intrigue? And can the extremes meet and the lamb Venizelos lie down with the lion Kondylis? At the moment it looks as if both extremes will live awhile abroad, while Professor Demertzis, having published his amnesty, observes its effect. A united Greece will be hardly achieved. If achieved, it will be a triumph for the King and his education. Meanwhile M. Venizelos, his life no longer forfeit and his property restored, will, with other reprieved revolutionaries, meet the King in Crete and perhaps Kondylis himself will be persuaded to attend the burial of hatchets.

THE GERMAN INVASION.—Eleven young men from Germany (whose politics are no concern of ours) visited Greater London last week and played a ball game—a dull one—with eleven English players. The English players beat the Germans by three goals. That might be a full record of a very minor event in the world of football—if our scale of values were normal. Actually, if one wished to record the full significance of these two hours of football, a much longer report is called for. It cost the time of the Home Secretary who ought to be busy enough. It cost the T.U.C. a good deal of time and money in rail fares and journeys and talk. It interrupted the traffic in the world's capital. It interrupted the proper functions of the police force and cost the taxpayer quite a lot of money. It reached the fringe of the field of international diplomacy, always a stubborn field. The eleven players brought 10,000 of their friends and admirers, and the scaremongers prophesied an Anglo-German war, to be fought out this time on British soil. The rest of the precautions and panic and expense and publicity followed naturally, and (as naturally) followed a bathos of a game, played out under the usual placid and polite conditions of British play. All very typical of modern aspects of publicity and sport and democratic government. I closely observed some thousands of those

German football fans at Waterloo. I was greatly impressed by their healthy appearance, bright eyes, and keen faces. They looked wholesome, normal, well set up young men, and curiously British. I should say the Nazi P.T. instructors lead the world. I did not see the curse of the Swastika scored on their brows; I saw no Jews being kicked to death on No. 9 platform. It seemed to me a good thing that they should be joking and laughing and mingling with the crowd of Britons in London, and a fantastic thing to suppose that politics have any effect on the natures of men, or *need* create misunderstandings between the man in Piccadilly and the man in the Wilhelmstrasse. Politics merely make it impossible for the statesmen of different countries ever to get together, or to trust one another, or to settle finally any single question outstanding. If only these questions could be settled by plain citizens in a football stand or a bar parlour, how easy it would all become to settle the affairs of Europe! How well (thought I) we should manage if we could all dispense with governments, and statesmen, and dictators, and so forth.

THE ASSEMBLED DELEGATES: The representatives of the Powers gathered round the table at the opening of the London Naval Conference in the Locarno Room. The British delegates are seated left centre, the French are also on the left, the Americans in the right foreground, the Japanese in the background on the right, and the Italians at the far end of the chamber

THE TIME SHALL COME . . . .

—"But the time will come when you shall hear me," said youngish Mr. Disraeli, an established novelist but a new Parliamentary hand, when his maiden speech was drowned in Homeric and not very friendly laughter. Mr. Herbert's maiden speech was also received with laughter—some of the laughs having been earned by the speaker's witty sallies, some of them less appreciative. Mr. Herbert, it appears, through pardonable ignorance of the very intricate procedure of the House, chose a most unsuitable occasion for firing-off his sensible and carefully prepared arguments anent his favourite crusade, and did a disservice to a cherished privilege of private members. It takes about two years in the House for an observant member to get to know its procedure. Mr. Herbert was certainly ill-advised or over-confident. The sober "dailies" mildly censured him, and like many great politicians his maiden speech was a failure—not utter, but qualified failure. The matter was all right, the occasion ill-chosen. And unfortunately he has wasted much of the powder of his squib before he can let it off on the appropriate Guy Fawkes Day. Oxford's new representative has made a debut of rather qualified success, apart from the unfortunate choice of occasion. He spoke too long, which no wit should dream of doing, and he was often inaudible, which a wit, of all people, need not be. He has much to learn, said all the parliamentary experts. That goes without saying. Indeed, a man to rise high in politics should enter the House at the age when Pitt and Fox entered it. But above all, the House likes humility in new members (even from Oxford University), and shows no mercy when self-confidence trips up. None the less, I wager Mr. Herbert will profit by experience and learn quickly, and "the time will come" when the House will hear him with pleasure, profit, and appreciative chuckles.

EXAMINATIONS!—"*The part played by chance in the verdicts given at different examinations on which careers depend is often a great one.*" This bombshell (which, *entre nous*, we have familiarly toyed with for a great part of our lives) is now proved, documented, authorised, and published to the world. For years Sir Philip Hartog has presided over a committee which has exhaustively examined examinations. The other day he issued his findings, he and his immensely strong and large and impartial committee. The results of their tests are breath-taking. They seem to prove that examinations on which careers depend are about as useful in ranking merit as a game of odd-man-out. Think a moment of all our illustrious contemporaries (K.C.B., C.B., K.C.M.G., C.M.G.). They entered the Civil Service by success in competitive examinations and rose high in the service of the State. They were among the "first six" of their year. You and I were among the last fifty. We became scribblers and stockbrokers—they became K.C.B.'s, and we meet once a year and feel very shabby and diminutive in their company at the Old Boys' Dinner. "L'état, c'est moi," they seem to say; and we never had an apt rejoinder. We have it at last. Their name is Mo. It so happens that pure chance named us Ena, Mena, and Mina. What a gaff is this, now blown! Proof? Examination papers (scores of them) in recognised examinations were corrected by the original examiners. These were afterwards sent to another set of examiners, and again to yet another set. The markings of the second or third sets on a subject, little based on theory, like history, often differed from the original examiners' results by as much as 50 per cent. In a word, a youth marked as "moderate" by A was marked as "excellent" by examiner B, and possibly as "hopeless" by C. Here is another case: Candidate X was awarded by seven different examiners of the same paper 28, 32, 46, 56, 56, 58, and 80 out of a hundred possible marks! Candidate Y's markings under similar circumstances ranged from 24 to 70 per cent.!! In the "viva" candidate Z came before two boards. Board I placed him first out of sixteen candidates. Board II placed him eleventh. (N.B.—Perhaps Board I had worn out his patience.) There are scores of tests and their results published. The committee has sat for years, went about its business with intense gravity, and could hardly have been more authoritative in its composition. If the committee was worth setting up, its findings are conclusive and must be acted upon. Examinations, the bane of our youth, the fortuitous obstacle to our success in life, are dead. They are exploded in laughter, smoke, and general opprobrium. And our bemedalled and highly-honoured old-boy contemporaries are—soldiers of fortune only. Sir Bogus Lucky-Chance, K.C.B., it is my intention to attend the Old-Boy reunion this winter and to treat you as you deserve!

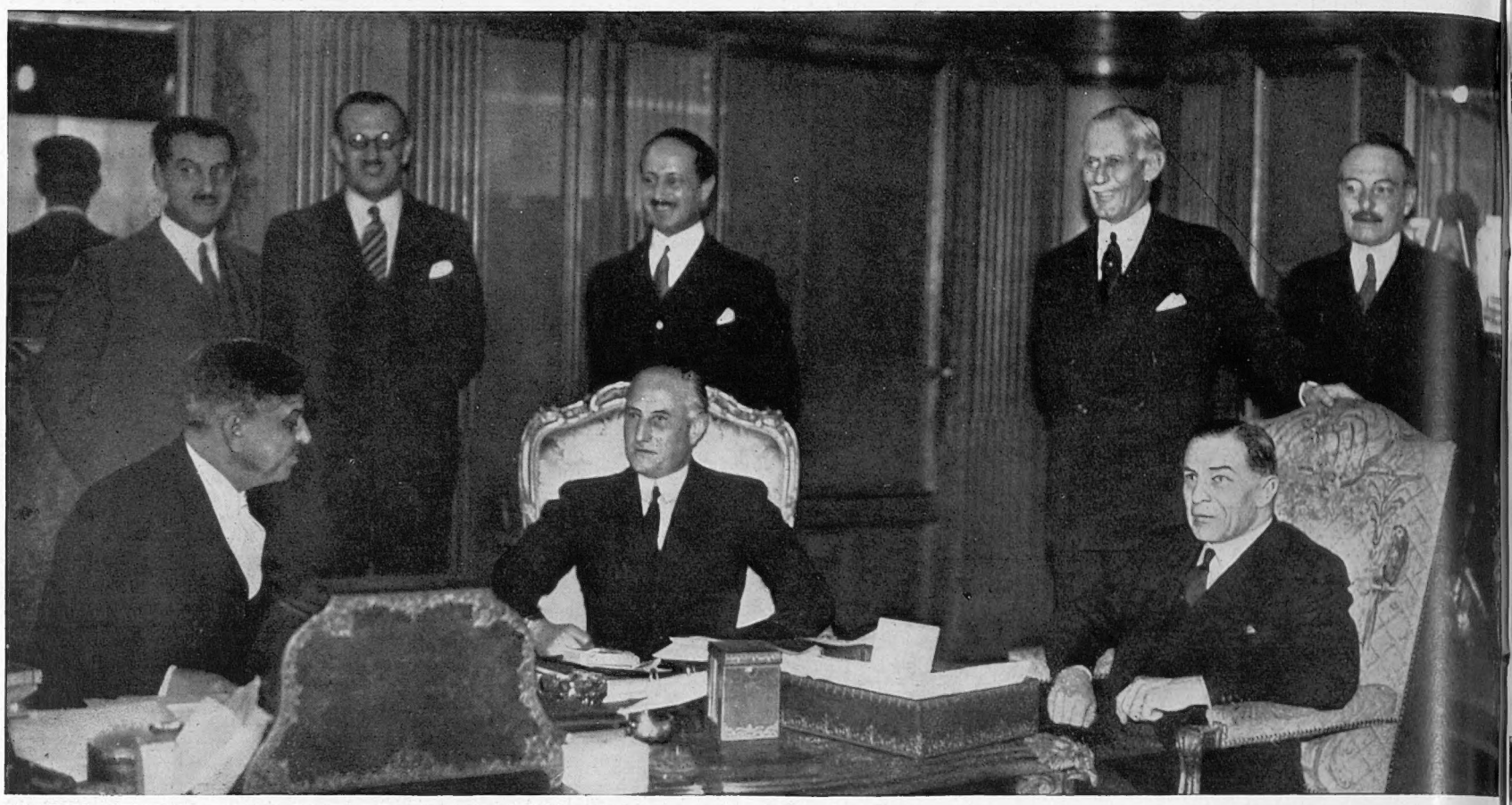
PAULA WESSELY.—I do not wonder that London is raving about Paula Wessely, who made her name in *Masquerade*. Her acting in *Episode* which is now on at the Academy, won her a prize for perfection in acting, and she certainly works wonders with an ingenuous, thin story which bears little relation to life or probabilities in Vienna or elsewhere. It beats me still why this sort of film passes muster with intelligent producers who spend their genius and big money in production. I take it there is required the simplicity of the nursery rhyme to secure results in film production and to get the personality of the performers "across." It is the rarest thing in the world to see a film story more elaborate than *Mother Hubbard*, or more true to modern life and its probabilities than *The Old Woman Who Lived in the Shoe*. Paula Wessely carries it on her back to triumph, much as Elisabeth Bergner carries her bundles of chaff. But with what different means. Paula is not beautiful. She does not rely on sex appeal nor broadly on charm. I should say she relies on strength, and that is very rare in a film actress. What appeals in her character and art is her strength; she is sure of herself—uncompromising, brave, efficient, deep. Those are her weapons. She is the Duse of the screen to-day—if I may bestow on her a loose label, hastily scrawled on, in the easy manner of modern criticism.

ALUMINIUM!—Last week I made a slip! I reckon on making one occasionally, being, like readers, essentially human. In speaking of Aluminium cooking vessels, I revealed that I was unaware that the Ministry of Health had after a recent press discussion on aluminium dangers in cooking instigated and published a scientific report on the claims made *pro* and *con*. It remains to say that another such report, giving easier guidance to humble housewives on this question would not come amiss. May we, or may we not, cook at all with ordinary aluminium cooking vessels sold for the purpose? The evident triumph of the gentleman who wrote to convict me must be tempered. He, too, is human. He can't spell Aluminium!

THE OLD STAGER

THE PASSING OF THE KING'S SISTER: Reading the inscriptions on some of the many beautiful wreaths sent for the funeral of Princess Victoria last Saturday. The service, which was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and was attended by King George, Queen Mary, the King and Queen of Norway, the King of Denmark, the Prince of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of York, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duke and Duchess of Kent, the Princess Royal, and other members of the Royal Family

A FOREIGN SURVEY: HAPPENINGS IN EUROPE AND THE FAR EAST



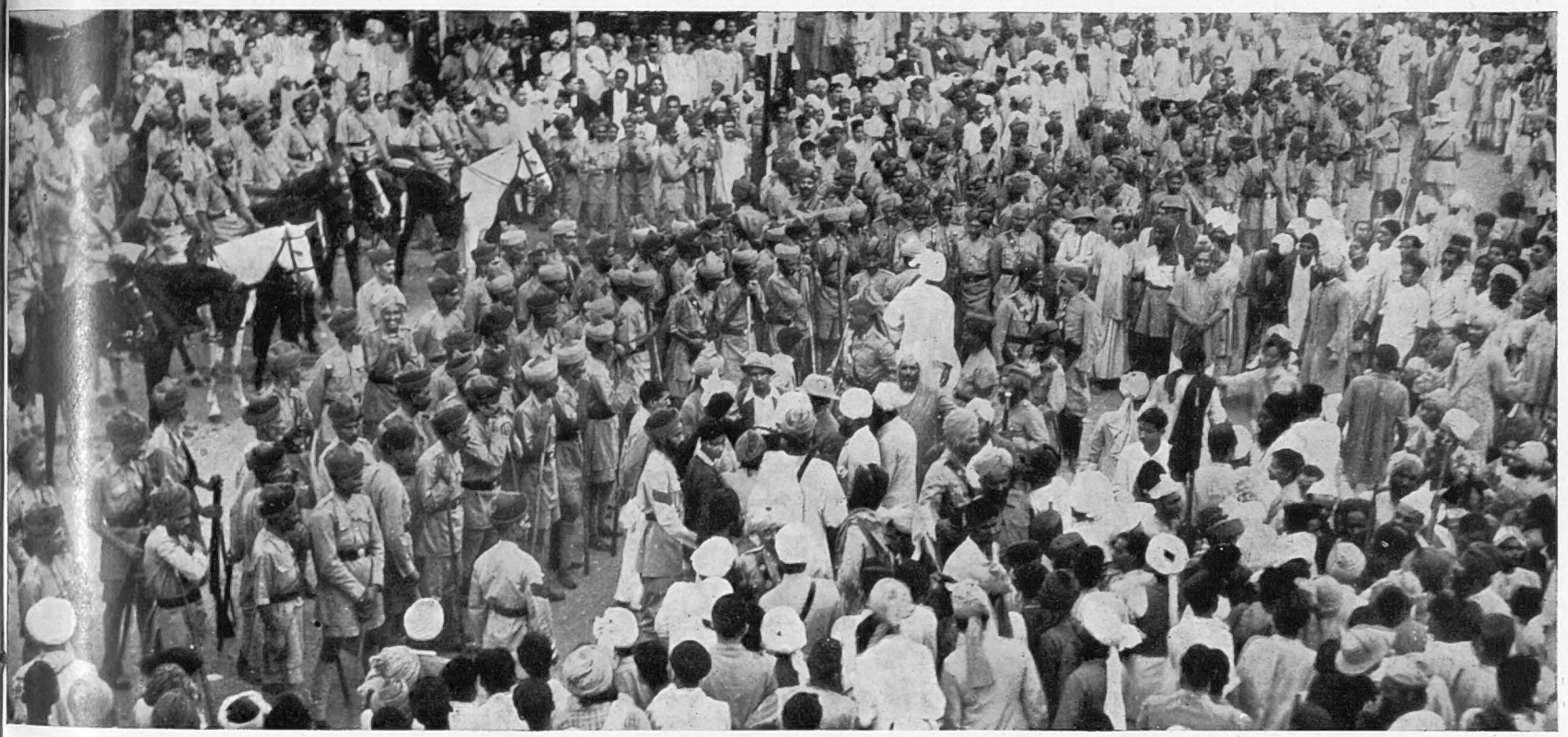
ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO END HOSTILITIES IN EAST AFRICA: M. Laval, the French Premier, Sir Samuel Hoare, Britain's Foreign Minister, and Sir Robert Vansittart (*seated on right*), Permanent Under-Secretary to the Foreign Office, pictured together during their series of talks in Paris which ended last Sunday with complete agreement on a proposed basis for negotiating a settlement of the Italo-Ethiopian conflict. It was rumoured that the plan offered Italy territorial concessions in Abyssinia, demanding the cession by Haile Selassie of parts of the provinces of Tigré and Ogaden

RED-LETTER DAY IN NIPPON: Youngsters dressed in Western clothes on their way to visit one of the Shinto shrines on the feast of Schichigosan, and thus ensure for themselves good luck throughout the coming year. It is the custom of most of the boys on this occasion to wear the uniforms of adults and particularly of naval and army officers. The girls usually wear brightly coloured kimonos

THE MYSTERY MAN OF COMMERCE AGAIN IN THE NEWS: Mr. F. W. Rickett, the financier who negotiated the recent Abyssinian oil concession, has again left England and is pictured here (*second from left*) on arrival a few days ago at the Littorio Airport, Rome

STORM ON THE BASQUE COAST: Weather conditions in Southern during the past two months, but the people of Biarritz were hardly days ago, which resulted in a vast sheet of sea foam covering the necessary for the fire brigade to be called out to rescue

THE RACE RIOTS IN INDIA: The objection by Muslims to the demolition by Sikhs of an old mosque which was believed to be in danger of collapse, was the originating cause of disturbances which occurred in Lahore last summer and recently broke out afresh, causing considerable bloodshed and tension. This picture was taken on November 30, and shows a band of Sikhs arriving from the country districts to take part in a mammoth funeral procession through the city in honour of one of their number who, they claimed, had been murdered by the Muslims. An ugly situation developed later and the police had to intervene



TROUBLE BREWING: Native troops occupying a square in Lahore while their officers attempted to disperse the crowds. A picture taken a few moments before fierce fighting broke out between the Sikhs and Muslims, resulting in three people being killed and seventy-five wounded. After calm was restored the police issued orders prohibiting the carrying of firearms, knives, and swords

France have been particularly unsettled prepared for the violent storm of a few beach and esplanade and making it cars that had been partly submerged

TEMPERAMENT: Fedor Chaliapin (*right*), the world-famous bass singer, in the midst of an argument with the stage manager of the Royal Opera House, Copenhagen—a verbal duel which resulted in the former leaving the theatre

SERVICE: This girl belongs to a special department of the French Post Office with which the public can communicate by 'phone by simply dialling S.V.P. (S'il vous plait) and which claims that it is equipped to answer at a moment's notice any question that may be put to it

ITALY'S AIR TACTICS IN THE ETHIOPIAN CAMPAIGN

THE NEW C.-IN-C. AND HIS PREDECESSOR: Marshal Badoglio (*left*), Chief of the Combined Italian Staffs, seen on his arrival at Massawa to take over the command of the Italian Forces in East Africa from Marshal de Bono (*right*). The latter has now returned to Italy

THE big Italian bombing raid on Dessie on December 6, in which the American Adventist Mission's hospital was hit and seriously damaged, emphasises the impossibility of restricting air war to combatants only. It is highly unlikely that the Italians intended to hit the hospital, but it is equally unlikely that they did not intend to bomb the civil population of Dessie. The Italian Intelligence Service must be given credit for knowing that that day was market day in Dessie when people from all the surrounding country assembled in the town, and it can hardly have been a coincidence that the raid took place on that particular day.

A hospital bearing the Red Cross is avoided as far as possible by all civilised belligerents, but it must be remembered that though modern bombing can be very accurate indeed, it is still very easy to miss and, provided there is some military objective fairly handy to the ultimate striking point of the bombs, it is easy to explain that they were aimed at the genuine military target, but that unfortunately owing to heavy anti-aircraft fire, or some such excuse, the aim was bad.

No doubt the raid on the open town of Dessie was a case in point. There may have been, as the Italians claim, military objectives at Dessie but the town itself must have been a tempting target, especially on a market day, in a country where well defined targets are few and hard to find. That some of the bombs fell on the hospital was probably a matter of chance.

The Italians have described the raid on Dessie as the most difficult air operation in history. This it most certainly was not, even allowing for the distance of some 560 miles out and home and the mountains nearly 10,000 feet high which had to be crossed. The bombing raid on Kabul, made by an old war-time four-engined Handley Page of very doubtful airworthiness, which terminated the Afghan War in 1919 was a much more meritorious performance.

The Aeroplane as the Decisive Factor in the War

The Italians are armed with three-engined Caproni monoplanes specially designed for colonial use. These machines have very long range and their engines are geared and supercharged so that they can fly over high mountains. They can fly at between 150 and 160 m.p.h., can climb 10,000 ft. in ten minutes and can reach a height of over 19,000 ft.

With this equipment and in the absence of any aircraft on the Abyssinian side, the matter resolved itself into a moderately long distance flight out and home with the excitement of a little bombing practice at the turning point.

Reports indicate that the Italians did not risk descending low over the target and apparently they did their bombing from a safe height which probably accounts for the hospital being hit by some of the bombs. Not long ago a number of their machines were nearly shot down in a defile when they flew low to attack and were engaged by anti-aircraft and machine guns from the hills on each side. They were all hit and two of them had one of their three engines put out of action. They were fortunate in escaping so lightly and this was attributed to the fact that the machines were so low that the shells from the small anti-aircraft guns struck and passed through them but failed to explode. Had the range been greater the shells would have exploded and might have caused much more serious damage.

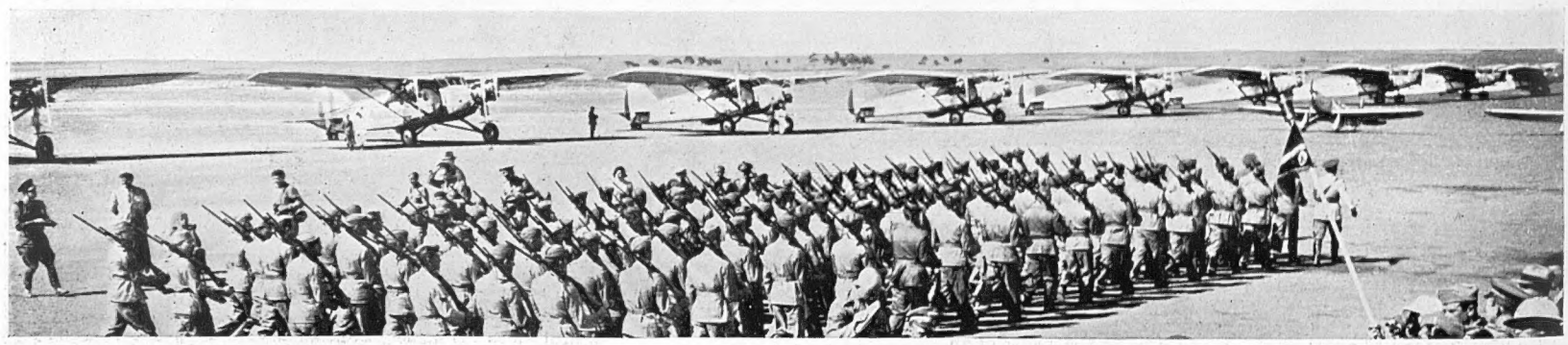
This incident gave the Italian airmen a bad fright and taught them not to despise Abyssinian marksmanship. They have since taken good care to keep at a safe height, and this has militated against accurate bombing.

This war is one in which the use of aircraft should have a decisive effect, and with no opposition the Italian airmen should have things all their own way. Bombing and machine gunning every likely target on the ground, with the addition of propaganda leaflets dropped from the air, should produce results far more rapidly than the slow advance of ground forces.

The air arm can reach far into the interior where the inhabitants think they are quite safe. The surprise effect of sudden raids and the feeling of uncertainty as to when the next attack will come should undermine the moral of the inhabitants both civil and military. But so far there has been no sign of any such effect. Casualties seem to have been remarkably slight and the Italians have evidently dropped a huge number of bombs and used many thousands of gallons of petrol with very little to show for it.

In the hands of both the French and ourselves the aeroplane has proved a decisive weapon against recalcitrant tribesmen. Indications do not point to equal success on the part of the Italians in Abyssinia and it seems that the slow advance of the ground army which before many months will be held up by the rains will prove the only real measure of Italian conquest.

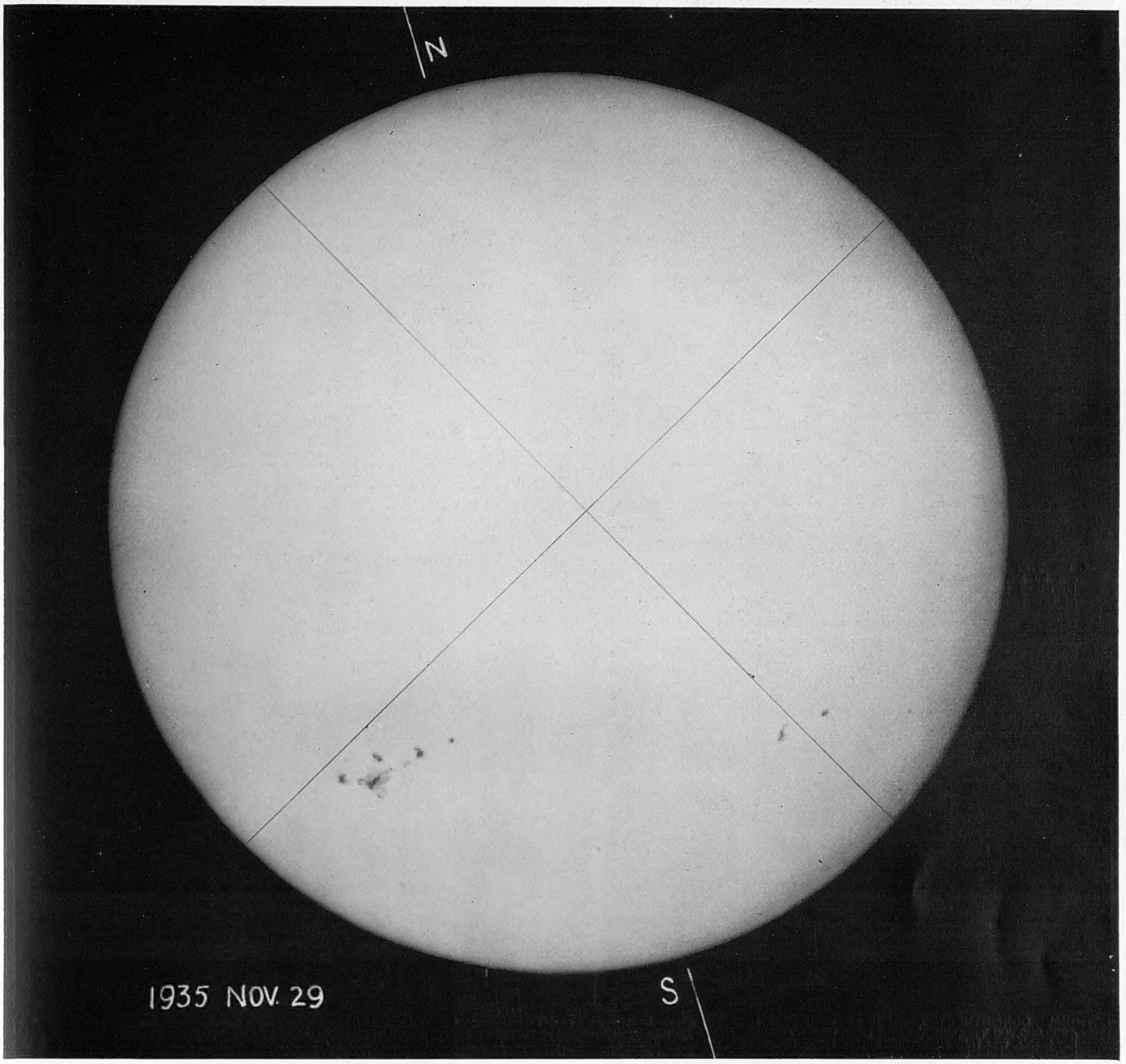
C. D. P.



REVIEW AT ASMARA AERODROME: A march past of members of the flying corps following the presentation of medals to eight men who had distinguished themselves during raids on Abyssinian territory. In the background are 'planes of the famous Desperata Squadron

SUNSPOTS COVERING 3,000 MILLION SQUARE MILES

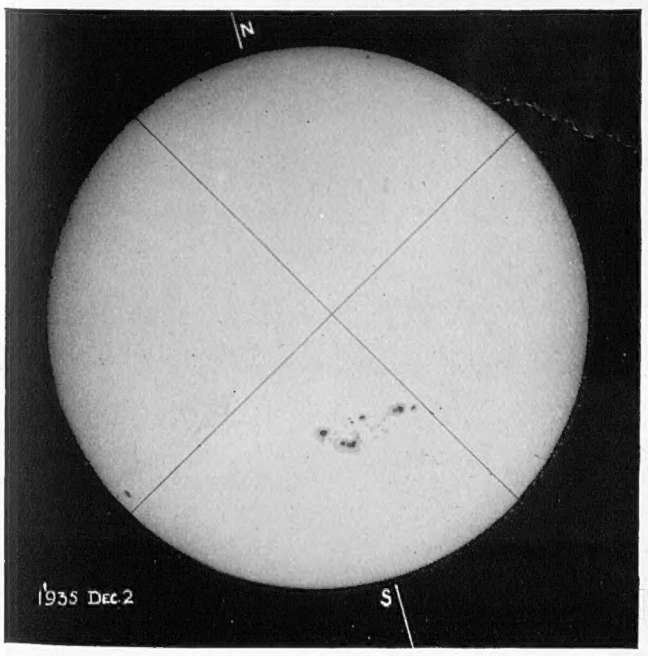
A Giant Group Makes its Appearance and is Recorded at Greenwich



SUNSPOTS RECORDED ON NOVEMBER 29 AT THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY: A remarkable group large enough to be seen without a telescope and which at its greatest development was nearly 3,000 millions of square miles in area

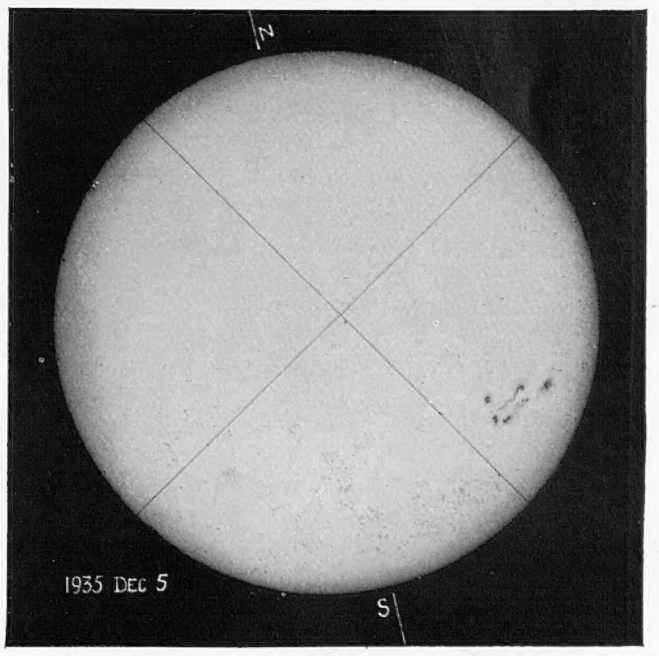
Reproduced by permission of the Astronomer Royal

with the component spots extending for 140,000 miles, or nearly eighteen times the diameter of the earth. This is the largest group recorded for over seven years, and other spots of like magnitude may be expected to occur between now and 1938



THE DIFFERENCE IN POSITION OF THE SPOTS ON DECEMBER 2: A change directly attributable to the sun's rotation which carries the group across the disc in a period of about 13 days

Since the rapid development of this group of sunspots took place when on view from the earth, astronomers in many parts of the world have naturally been taking the opportunity of observing this active region with special attention. "On November 26," writes a member of the staff of Greenwich Observatory, "there was only a smallish spot of about 200,000,000 square miles in area, but three days later the total area had increased to nearly 2,000,000,000 square miles, while the maximum figure of 3,000,000,000 was reached about eight days after the formation of the group. Besides this enormous increase in size, there were also rapid changes in structure, and these must be taken as an indication of the tenuous nature of sunspots —in fact it is probable that they are whirling storms in the rarefied atmosphere of the sun. At their centres the temperature is nearly 1,500° C. cooler than the general surface of the sun, yet even so it is about 4,000° C."

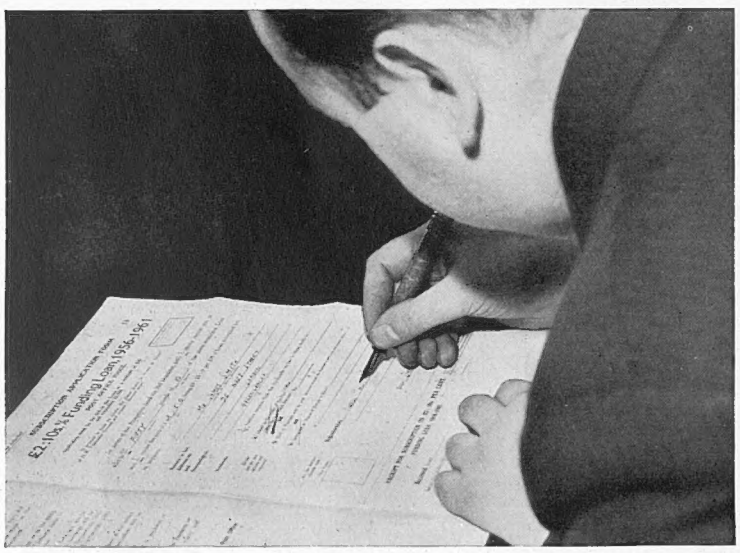


THE DIFFERENCE ON DECEMBER 5: A third picture showing a further change in the position of the spots. The thin, dark, cross-lines, are the images of spider threads fixed in the telescope

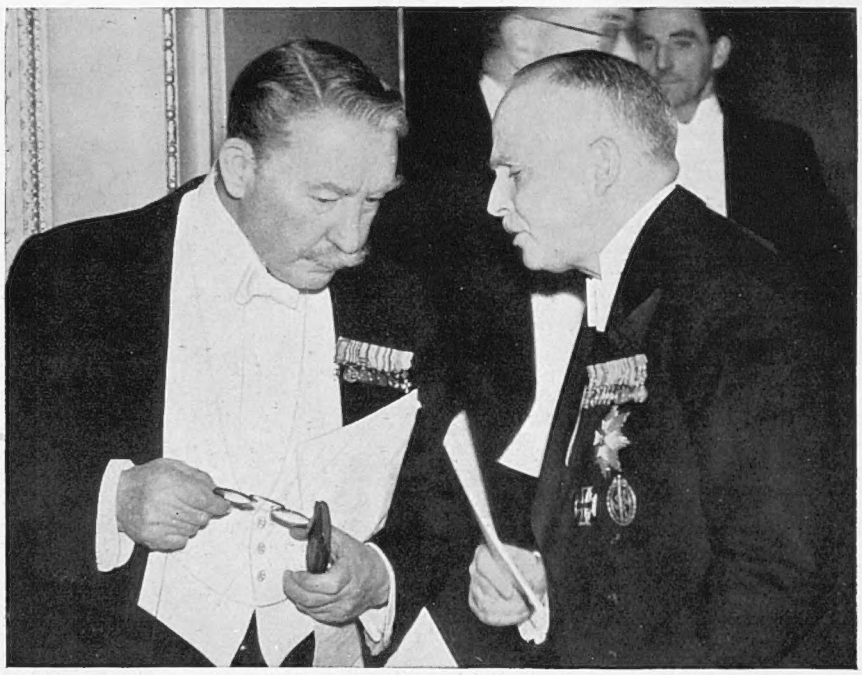
MAINLY METROPOLITAN

ONE OF THE MUCH-DISCUSSED MOSAICS: An example of the work carried out by Mr. Gilbert Pownall in Westminster Cathedral, and which was criticised two years ago by Mr. Edward Hutton, a noted writer on art. At the time, Cardinal Bourne vigorously defended the artist, but his successor, Archbishop Hinsley, is anxious that the subject should be reviewed and that the decoration should meet with more general approval

CONTROVERSY IN THE ART WORLD: Men engaged in installing the mosaics in Westminster Cathedral—a task which has been stopped abruptly by Archbishop Hinsley who, in view of further criticism of the decorations, has agreed that a consultative committee be set up to consider anew the whole scheme of embellishment of the interior of Bentley's great Byzantine building. Among those who signed the memorandum of protest submitted to the Archbishop were the President of the Royal Academy, Sir William Llewellyn; the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, Sir Giles Gilbert Scott; and the director of the National Gallery, Mr. Kenneth Clark



NATIONAL CONFIDENCE: Filling in an application form for stock in the £200,000,000 Treasury Funding Loan which, although issued at unusually low terms, was fully subscribed within three hours, thus providing another indication of the high level at which the British Government's credit stands



TETE-A-TETE: Lord Decies (*left*) in conversation with the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha at the reception before the dinner given by the Anglo-German Fellowship at the Hotel Victoria in honour of Herr von Tschammer und Osten, who is in charge of the recently formed organisation for promoting interest in sport throughout the Reich

TAKING OVER: Vice-Admiral Sir Edward R. G. R. Evans (Evans of the *Broke*) seen inspecting the guard of honour with Admiral Sir Hugh J. Tweedie (*right*) whom he relieved last week as Commander-in-Chief, the Nore. Sir Edward was formerly C.-in.-C. on the Africa Station at Simonstown

SPEED AND CONSISTENCY: Divisional Superintendent C. T. Cox, congratulating Driver C. Hopkins, who, with Fireman C. Bridger, brought the "Cheltenham Flyer," the G.W.R.'s crack train, into Paddington Station promptly to schedule on its 1,000th run. It had covered the 77¼ miles from Swindon in exactly sixty-four minutes

IN EUROPE NOW

Conversions in Rumania — Preparing for the Paris Exhibition — Rome Fights Sanctions

On Left—THE PROSELYTE: Of recent months large numbers of Muhammadans in Rumania have been converted to the Christian faith, and this picture, taken a few days ago at Guirgiu, on the banks of the Danube, shows the baptism in progress of a member of a band of more than a hundred gipsies who voluntarily elected to enter the church. The ceremony was conducted by Archbishop Cristea, Patriarch of the Orthodox Rumanian Church

On right—THE PASSING OF THE PALAIS DU TROCADERO: The main body of the famous building in course of demolition to clear a space for the entrance to the Art in Industry Exhibition to be held in Paris in 1937. This huge edifice in the Oriental style was built in 1878 on a site on which Napoleon Bonaparte had at one time contemplated putting up a palace for the King of Rome. It was designed by Davioud and Bourdais, the central, circular portion being 180 ft. in height and 63 yards in diameter, flanked by two minarets of 230 ft. and two curved wings, the whole presenting the appearance of an imposing crescent. The wings are being preserved

ON THE HOME FRONT—ITALY'S FIGHT AGAINST THE INTERNATIONAL BLOCKADE: *Left*—Rome school-children adding pieces of scrap metal to the pile in the school yard; an example of the way in which the people are helping to keep the munition factories going now that the League of Nations embargoes have come into force. Men and women are even offering up their wedding rings, and in this direction King Victor Emmanuel and the Queen have already set an example. *Right*—Signor Starace, Secretary of the Fascist Party, with veteran representatives of the Women's Committees for Resisting Sanctions, who were recently received by Signor Mussolini in Rome and who, during their visit, attended a service at the tomb of Italy's Unknown Warrior

CUTTING THROUGH THE 190-FT. CLIFFS AT LANAYE ON ITS WAY TO THE NORTH SEA: A section of the Albert Canal which is now nearly completed, and which ranks with its Dutch rival, the Juliana Canal, as one of the biggest works of its kind ever attempted in Europe. It will carry vessels of 2,000 tons and will provide an effective link between Belgium's eastern industrial provinces and the Port of Antwerp

THE Meuse, or the Maas if you prefer its Dutch name, is a river of remarkable fertility. Although not quite so productive as the Rhine, which seems to have as many breasts as the Ephesian Diana, she suckles, nevertheless, the most important industrial areas of two competing countries; and it is not surprising if, like a litter of piglets at the patient sow, the competing interests indulge in a little pushing and squealing now and then. Rudeness is a prerogative of little pigs and competing interests.

On this question of waterways, the policies of the Dutch and the Belgians have been mutually irritating more than once; and partly out of that mutual irritation have emerged, almost simultaneously, two of Europe's most important canals, the Albert of Belgium and the Juliana of Holland. They serve intensively developed industrial regions stretching from the Dutch province of South Limburg—an odd geographical extension, as if the Netherlands, at this point, had burst out of its clothes—with Maastricht as the capital, well into the Belgian provinces of Liège and Limbourg.

The two together have cost over £18,250,000 sterling. They carry 2,000-ton vessels over a hundred miles through mountain, plateau, and plain to the North Sea. They will carry a total freight of round about 1,500,000 tons per annum to begin with. They add immensely to the importance of Rotterdam on the one side, and Antwerp on the other. And they keep to their own back yard!

I said they were constructed partly out of mutual irritation. Partly, too, out of the fierce competition that exists between Antwerp and Rotterdam and, let me add in justice, partly out of separate need; on the Belgian side strategic as well as economic need; on the Dutch side, the rapid growth of the Limburg mining industry, and the necessity to link up with the vast Rhine and Waal system of canals. A little give and take might have unified those needs to a large extent, with a consequent reduction in the enormous expenditures involved. But things do not work that way. Nations are more suspicious of their avowed friends than of their predictable enemies. "Jealousy," said an impressive official at Maastricht, "may be a stronger motive than fear."

If jealousy had anything to do with the building of the Albert Canal—I assume that was what the impressive official implied; and if so, his neighbours of Liège could, I suppose, return the compliment with like force—fear was at least as strong a motive. The Albert Canal unquestionably owes its origin in considerable degree to the need of strong military defences at this vulnerable part of the frontier, which the Dutch, tradesmen first and strategists last, are disinclined to strengthen against that hypothetical next war in which the German armies will march into Belgium through Dutch Limburg.

However that may be, the Albert and Juliana canals are two of the biggest works of their kind attempted in Europe for a great many years. The former, still incomplete—though the main sections, admitting 2,000-ton vessels, were officially opened by the King and Queen of the Belgians last year—will cost slightly less than 2,000,000,000 francs. The latter, already finished, and opened by Queen Wilhelmina amid national rejoicing last September, has cost 31,500,000 guilders, bringing the total cost of the Maas-Waal-Rhine canal system up to 84,000,000 guilders, or roughly £12,000,000. It is a lot of money, and there ought to be something to show for it.

On Right—BETWEEN TOWERING WALLS OF CONCRETE: Another stretch of the Albert Canal where it cuts through a hillside; a work that has naturally involved enormous expenditure. *Below*—The wide basin leading to the 150-ft. high cutting shown in the picture in the top left-hand corner of this page

Canals, however, except when they cut through continents, are rarely spectacular; and except in the initial reaches of the Albert, these two are no exception. It takes the engineer to see how colossal problems have been overcome, dangers averted, risks taken, in order to accomplish that smooth flow of water from lock to lock, between neat banks of concrete, through valley, plain, and towering cleft. The Albert Canal is by far the more impressive of the two and has involved

TWO GREAT RIVAL CANALS

Belgium and Holland Compete in Building New Commercial Waterways to Link their Industrial Areas with the Sea

THE LOCK AT LIMMEL: A section of the Juliana Canal which has cost Holland 31,500,000 guilders and was recently opened by Queen Wilhelmina amid national rejoicing. The locks are the last word in technical efficiency and the loading gear at the various "ports" is equally elaborate

technical problems of much greater difficulty than those encountered by the Dutch engineers. Sizable cliffs have had to be split in half; the Belgian Meuse is subject to more whimsical moods than the Dutch Maas, a fact which has had to be taken into account when constructing locks and embankments; and the distance of 127 kilometres, from Liège to Antwerp, is over three times the length of the Juliana, which links with the existing Rhine Canal to connect with Rotterdam.

Coming into Liège you are at once provided with economic reasons for the building of the Albert Canal. For the last few kilometres the railway line, which has risen noticeably since leaving Brussels, runs through a region of huge coal pyramids. Wherever you look the skyline is pierced by factory chimneys and those black triangles of coal. There are parts of Limbourg from which, on a clear day, you should be able to see on the one side Dutch coal mines, on the other Belgian,

and on a third, German. The Belgian coalfields are in between the other two. Belgium has always had that "in between" feeling. "On one side our natural enemies; on the other, our shrewd and unsentimental friends." On the one side exponents of the "war is war" theory; on the other, exponents of the "business is business" theory. The Belgian feels obliged to keep a very sharp look-out!

You lose the sight of chimney stacks and coalfields down in the valley, where Liège lies, and substitute nougat stalls and roundabouts on the jolly boulevards, and in the streets, bookshops; pastry-cooks—Walloon pastries testify to man's divinity; cafés with nice old men in stiff collars and stiff whiskers playing backgammon; neon lights; Gothic towers from which the gargoyles seem to have descended, put on blue smocks, and taken on jobs as street sweepers—the red leaves were falling, and the gargoyles were whisking their long witch's brooms up and down.

The chimney stacks and coal pyramids reappear on the other side of Liège, as you follow the valley of the Meuse through high, cultivated country smelling of sugar-beet. Continental agriculturalists should get together and erect a monument to the sugar-beet, though for my part, the reek of the stuff at harvest time is monument enough. A few miles out of Liège the Albert Canal begins to get interesting—those black pyramids against the skyline; soot on the walls of Visé; factories, chimney stacks, railway wagons, huge loading apparatus, and the clean, white, concrete embankments running straight through the grime to Lanaye; the pale blue water, stirred by strings of enormous barges with a self-conscious little tug at the head—like strings of camels in the East, with the inevitable ass to lead them; cool, white bridges; huge, black sluice gates against the distant wedge of grey light in the cliffs of the Meuse. And the Meuse itself, sprawled alongside in shallow pools, with islands and overhanging willows, row boats, fishermen, flocks of birds, and a perverse disposition to be as untidy as it can in contrast to the neat perfection of the upstart that depends on the river for every drop of its water.

Lanaye begins the first of the three trenches which have had to be cut through high cliffs to admit the canal after it has left the Valley of the Meuse. The depth of the cutting is 64 metres, and the effect, with the smooth white walls forming almost a triangle standing on its head, and running deep through the cliffs, in sharp perspective, for a distance of 1,200 metres, is strangely impressive. At Lanaye, too, is the famous "Stopper" Lock, which, say the Dutch, effectively bars traffic by means of the higher tonnage ships, between the Albert and the Juliana Canals, although the distance separating them is only a few miles. The Belgians reply that the Stopper of Lanaye is not the obstacle, but rather the unwillingness of the Dutch to do their proper share of work on the junction canal. Meanwhile, there is junction by means of the old canal built in 1859.

This old canal ran straight from Liège to Maastricht, in Holland, pierced a corner of Dutch Limburg, and then re-emerged into Belgian territory for the continuation of the voyage to Antwerp. The detour through Dutch territory appears to have caused endless frontier delays and a great deal of official friction. Besides, the canal became inadequate to the needs of the highly developed coal and industrial areas on both sides of the frontier. Both Governments came to the conclusion that a new canal would have to be built, and argued about it for a long time. Then one fine day the Dutch Government came to the decision to build a new canal, exclusively on Dutch territory, to allow the passage of 2,000-ton boats between Limburg and Rotterdam. Belgium took up the challenge and immediately started building a canal of its own, equal in capacity to the Dutch and, of course, exclusively on its own territory. At a cost of 2,000,000,000 francs!

The Albert Canal is already navigable by vessels of 2,000 tons from Liège to Briegden, and by 1937 it is expected that all seven reaches to Antwerp will be ready. There will be six locks, each with a double chamber 136 by 16 metres accessible to craft up to 2,000 tons and with doors and sluices operated electrically. There will be fifty-six stationary bridges. The length of the waterway is 127 kms., the width is between 50 and 60 metres; and the duration of the voyage between Liège and Antwerp has been reckoned at two to three days, against eight to twelve days by the old canal. And, as I have said, it keeps strictly to its own back yard.

At the little village of Canne it comes

(Continued on p. 444)

SERVING HOLLAND'S BUSY COAL-MINING DISTRICT: The lock at Born one of the "ports" or loading depots built along the Juliana Canal in the province of Limburg, and thus providing a new and effective means of communication with Rotterdam and the sea

THROUGH PICTURESQUE LIMBURG: Another impression of the Juliana Canal, which for the most part crosses low-lying country, and the construction of which has in consequence not presented anywhere near the same difficulties as Belgium's rival enterprise

WHEN THE CHILDREN COME TO TOWN! London is already crowded with Christmas shoppers and the street toy sellers in common with the great department stores are enjoying the usual seasonal boom

IN HOLBORN'S CHRISTMAS STREET MARKET: Youngsters look on fascinated as the kerbstone peddler displays his mechanical toys

DECEMBER DAYS IN OXFORD STREET: A happy group of children leaving a well-known store after making their purchases

A ROBOT AT THE ROYAL MINT: The counting and weighing machine which automatically rejects coins that are either too light or too heavy

WHERE DO COINS GO?

The Strange Behaviour of Pennies, Halfpennies, and Threepenny Bits After Leaving the Mint

AS Christmas approaches the public interest in the coinage increases to a surprising extent. There is a universal demand for new money. New coins for Christmas presents, new coins for boiling in puddings, and new pennies for the children. Few people, however, pause to consider why, after all, there should ever be any new money. The average number of new coins put into circulation since 1914 has been about 150,000,000 per annum.

It is true that certain coins are withdrawn when worn out and that over a period of years the national wealth gradually increases, but these factors do not appear to justify the apparently ever-flowing stream of new money from the Royal Mint. What, then, happens to the millions of coins which are put into circulation every year? Nobody knows. The whole thing is a mystery.

Take, for instance, pennies. These homely coins, in pre-war years, were turned out steadily at the rate of about 30,000,000 or 40,000,000 a year. The war came, bringing with it a great rise in prices, and the public needed more money in its purse. The Mint, by working overtime, was equal to the occasion, and in the years 1914–1921 turned out no fewer than 750,000,000 pennies. But in 1921 a rapid decline in prices set in, the cost of living figures falling from 265 to 199. There was no longer a shortage of coin, but instead complaints were received from large users of copper that they had huge surpluses. The Gas Light and Coke Company, for instance, had 17,000,000 unwanted pennies, and one big bank is understood to have had a surplus of 50,000,000.

In 1922, therefore, the Mint ceased to strike pennies, and for some years applicants for coppers were referred to those quarters known to have an abundance.

Some institutions urged that the Mint should buy back the pennies and so relieve the congestion. This the Mint refused to do, as the actual metal in a shilling's worth of pennies was worth only about 2d., but as an act of grace, however, they agreed to accept at their full value all the "uncrowned"—or "bun"—Victorian pennies, that is, those struck prior to 1895. This had little effect on the situation, as such coins represented only about 10 per cent. of the total, and the relief afforded would not have recompensed for the labour of examining and sorting great masses of coin.

In 1926, however, for some quite unaccountable reason, the demand for pennies rose again. It was fortunate, the reader will perhaps think, that so many were available to meet the public need, but no—these stocks had been silently absorbed, and even more had to be struck at the Mint. Starting in the autumn of 1926, the Mint managed to issue some 11,000,000 pennies before Christmas, and the average output for the next three years was something like 60,000,000 per annum—200,000,000 extra pennies. What then becomes of the pennies? Since 1860, after allowing for all bronze withdrawn, there has been a net issue of some 1,700,000,000 pennies. To allow six per head of the population would account for only about 250,000,000; double this liberal estimate to allow for error, re-double to allow for the stocks in banks and we account for 1,000,000,000. Where are the other 700,000,000?

Presumably they are lost but no one knows.

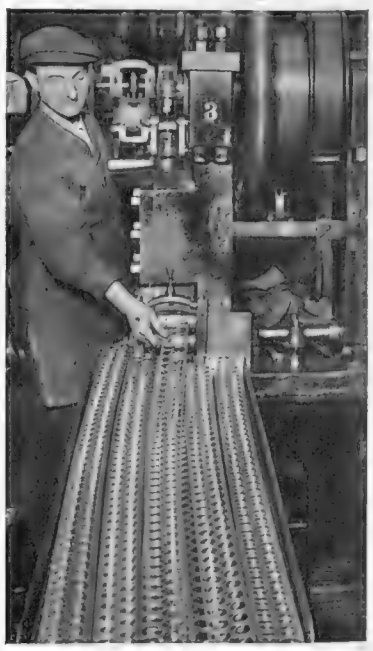
Farthings are curious little coins. They do not appear to be in general use, except by drapers, bakers, and a few other tradesmen, while in some parts of the country they are almost a curiosity. Yet there is a steady output of these tiny pieces of some 8,000,000 a year.

Since 1860, about 400,000,000 farthings have been struck. None have been withdrawn. Where then do the millions of farthings vanish every year? Again, nobody knows.

Threepenny bits are also interesting little pieces. It is true that at this season of the year the housewife boils them in her puddings but otherwise they do not seem popular. They are the bane alike of the bus conductor when tendered as a fare and of the clergyman when placed in the collection plate. Yet during the past few years the annual output has averaged some 6,000,000.

The 5s. piece comes in for a modified share of popularity at Christmas because it makes such a dignified present. As a coin of the realm, however, the crown is not in great demand owing to its bulk. None were struck between King

(Continued on p. 444)



MONEY-MAKING: Long strips of "silver" from which half-crowns have been stamped — another scene in the machine room at the Royal Mint on Tower Hill

Special SPHERE *picture by A. Console*

Britain's Telephone Boom

Testing and Adjusting in Progress in a London Factory where Hand Microphones are being Made to Meet the Greatly Increased Demand

The introduction of revised tariffs, including the immensely popular, shilling night trunk call and the reduction in day long-distance charges, has resulted in an increase of over 120,000 subscribers and in the installation of about 200,000 new telephones—a record in the history of the British Post Office, largely made possible by the go-ahead policy of Sir Kingsley Wood, now Minister of Health, during his period as P.M.G. This phenomenal position has, needless to say, led to a boom in the manufacture of equipment and it is known that it has given employment to many thousands of people who have been, and still are, engaged in the supplying of additional circuits, the production of insulators (approximately 2,000,000) and of microphones. Some of the last named are depicted above being tested and adjusted after assembly in a London factory where the work is carried out on the mass production system, an endless conveyor belt passing between lines of employees from department to department until the finished articles finally reach the packing-despatch rooms

THE BATTERED STEEPLE OF ALBERT CHURCH: One of the celebrated war drawings by Muirhead Bone—a collection that was presented to the British Museum by the Government

Who Shall Be the Last?

Some Reflections on the Dwindling Band of War-time Celebrities

By FERDINAND TUOHY

METTERNICH lived on until 1859, forty-four years after he had called the tune at Vienna. Marshals Soult and Kellermann, and the Duke, accompanied him into the 'fifties of last century. These seem to have been the last survivors from front rank actors in the Napoleonic wars. The passing of Jellicoe, following so relatively quickly on the deaths of five other outstanding figures of 1914–18—King Albert, Hindenburg, King Alexander, M. Poincaré, and Lawrence—prompts the not unremunerative trend of thought: who are destined to be our Soults and Metternichs and Wellingtons, who are likely to be among the last surviving personalities of the great war?

The hazardous nature of the enquiry is made plain by the premature end of Lawrence, who up to a few months ago was the Benjamin of any such list of the genuinely outstanding ones left among us.

By way of a beginning, there does not seem to be more than one woman (at most two women) left who enacted any role of significance in 1914–18. The reference is to the Dowager Queen of the Belgians, for the way she stood by her husband at La Panne, incidentally, most of the time facing her own brother, Rupprecht of Bavaria, who commanded opposite at Lille. The possible candidate is the ex-Empress Zita, for the part she played in attempting a separate peace through her brothers serving with the Belgian Army. Who else among women? (It is, naturally, not a question of citing this or that dame or charity queen, however admirable were the services of such. Here we are dealing with front rank only and, at that, with an international company.) So far as one can determine, about half-a-dozen other women won war prominence, and they are all dead; Nurse Cavell, Mata Hari, the Czarina, Sophie of Greece, Gertrude Bell, and Louise de Bettignies.

Proceeding to the masculine side, and as one combs through the various national lists of survivors and departed, it would appear that hardly more than a score of the first constellation, of the hundreds who loomed in the war years in one way or another, still remain with us; the broadest extension of the list might make the total thirty. Some countries have had their war stars wiped practically right out, as in the cases of Russia and Italy. Others have proved more hardy (Britain and Germany). In some countries the civilians have been mowed down; in others, the soldiers. Many war-time leaders have had a rough passage in the post-war years; others have lived to see their war fame enhanced.

A good illustration of the top-heavy military mortality is afforded by France, of whose thirty leading soldiers but eight survive seventeen years after, while of these, again, but four can be spoken of as truly outstanding: Pétain, Weygand, Gouraud, and de Castlenau. Of the eight marshals created, two remain—Pétain and Franchet d'Esperey. The others were Joffre, Foch, Fayolle, Lyautey, Galliéni, and Maunoury—the last two posthumous rewards.

On the civilian side, French losses have been no less heavy. Clemenceau, Viviani, Painlevé, Briand, Poincaré, Loucheur, Albert-Thomas, Ribot have passed. Caillaux, on account of his being thrown into prison for trying to effect a drawn peace in 1917, and War Minister Millerand, are the sole survivors of leading French civilians of wartime. Tardieu only became known through the peace making.

It can certainly be said that Weygand, who remains strikingly young at 68, looks like being the "Soult" of this century. His challengers might be Degoutte, Debéney or Guillaumat, though none of these are of like stature.

Turning to the United States, the reaper has been less active. Here are two lists;—

Dead	*Surviving*
Woodrow Wilson	Colonel House
Senator Lodge	General Pershing
Admiral Sims	Ambassador Gerard
General Bliss	War Minister Baker
Ambassador Page	Relief Controller Hoover
,, Whitlock	
Robert Lansing	

(Senator Lodge kept the U.S. out of the League, while Mr. Gerard and Mr. Whitlock stood up to Germany in Berlin and Brussels respectively.)

Crossing to our friends the late chief enemy, one is at once struck by the amount of life lingering in wartime front-rankers. No fewer than five out of Germany's eight best-known war figures are still living. Falkenhayn, Tirpitz and Hindenburg are gone, but the ex-Kaiser, ex-Crown Prince, Ludendorff, Mackensen, and Rupprecht are carrying on. And one could add Count Bernstorff, of *Lusitania* memory, and von Lettow Vorbeck of German East. Against this, the German navy has vanished from the lists. So have such few civilians as were permitted to step forward—Bethmann, Bülow, Prince Max, Rathenau, Erzberger, Kühlmann; while the last of the old army is Mackensen. Mackensen was at Sedan, when Ludendorff was a small boy, probably a very truculent one.

Of the Dominions across the seas, it is noteworthy that three wartime leaders are still among us: General Smuts, Mr. Borden, and Mr. Hughes, who used to delight Clemenceau so. In order to exasperate Wilson, the "Tiger" would turn to Lloyd George and say: "bring out your cannibal!" But the chief overseas soldiers are no more: Currie, Monash, Botha.

An isolated survival is the former Czar of Bulgaria, famed far and wide in 1914-18 as "Foxie Ferdie". He is having a Sybarite's old age in his native Coburg, having been among the luckiest of escapers.

Not surprisingly, Russian characters of the war are as good as no more. It is, in fact, difficult to find any others than two working journalists, Trotsky and Kerensky. Rather must the story be a procession of names of the dead: "The Little Father," Rasputin, the Grand Duke Nicholas, Lenin, Koltchak, Korniloff, Broussilov, Alexeieff, Evert, Prince Llvoff, Miliukoff, Isvolsky, Benckendorff, Radko. All gone, and most of them either murdered or fated to die in penury.

The same grim reaping with Italy, although not for the same reason. Long since died Cadorna who lived to be reinstated by the Sergeant Mussolini who had served under him, also Marshal Diaz, of Vittorio Veneto, which final move to victory found three British battalions as the spearhead of attack. Marshal Badoglio was then an obscure but thrusting brigadier. The leader of the Third Army (the best), the Duke of Aosta, was buried some years ago in a war zone cemetery, the one case of a leading soldier going back among his troops at the end. Thaon de Revel of the Navy is dead, and Benedict XIV who loomed so very largely, and politicians Salandra, Giolitti, and Sonnino. But Orlando of the "big four" holds on. Otherwise it is not possible to find any surviving Italian character of wartime except D'Annunzio, the inspirer of Fascism, poet-bomber, and defender of Fiume, who now lives in astonishing *retiro* by Lake Garda. He is old and ailing, and awaits the day when he shall be carried up the hillside and buried with unique rites between legionaries and fishermen of Fiume. Both D'Annunzio and Orlando latterly engaged in hymns of hate against this country.

Of all the former empire of the Habsburgs, but a solitary survivor seems to remain—the Archduke Charles, who led an army better than most in that quarter. It is, indeed, remarkable how many countries have lost all their leading war figures long before other lands. The casualty list in former Austria-Hungary includes two emperors, the best soldier, Hoetzendorff, Count Berchtold, who wrote the ultimatum to Serbia, and Counts Tizsa and Czernin.

Belgium, which produced three of the purest figures of heroism in King Albert, Cardinal Mercier, and Burgomaster Max, to-day has one left. None was more mourned by friend and former foe than King Albert. The Cardinal ("the incarnation of Occupied Belgium," *vide* the Germans) lies beneath Malines Cathedral. But jaunty M. Max is still going strong, and you may see him any afternoon strolling down his own boulevard, the Piccadilly of Brussels. He is, moreover, the last of all the war celebrities to be still in a fixed job, the same that he occupied during the war.

So, to sum up, after seventeen years we are left with the following thirty odd survivors of front rank out of probably three hundred that were:—

Lloyd George	Mackensen
Winston Churchill	Rupprecht
Earl Beatty	"Foxie Ferdie"
Viscount Allenby	D'Annunzio
Lord Trenchard	Orlando
W. M. Hughes	Hoover
General Smuts	House
Mr. Borden	Pershing
Marshal Pétain	Venizelos
General Weygand	M. Max
General Gouraud	Trotsky
General de Castlenau	Kerensky
M. Caillaux	Mr. Gerard
M. Millerand	Dowager Queen of the Belgians
William II	Ex-Empress Zita
Ex-Crown Prince	
Ludendorff	

Without indulging in any lugubrious or tasteless calculations, the next decade is fairly certain to see the above list shortened by half. The average age now is over seventy. The doyen is Mackensen (eighty-seven), the youngest the ex-Empress Zita. About a dozen might be rated as still on the active list, notably the biggest surviving war figure, Mr. Lloyd George; also Mr. Churchill and Lord Trenchard (who will return), Smuts, Pétain, Weygand, Gouraud, Millerand (who has to earn a living as a barrister), Caillaux (still active in politics), the ex-Crown Prince (managing estates), Burgomaster Max, Trotsky, and Kerensky (writing).

The question as to who is likely to be the last survivor can probably be reduced to six or eight names, even now.

IN THE DAYS OF ARMAGEDDON: Ypres in October, 1917

THE POPE'S ABYSSINIAN DISCIPLES

Pupils at Work and Play at the Ethiopian College in the Vatican

THE COLLEGE LIBRARY: Well stocked shelves where, during a part of their leisure hours, the students are able to supplement the knowledge gained in class time. They all wear black clerical robes of a standard pattern with broad white belts at the waist

LEARNING ITALIAN: A student receiving instruction at the Ethiopian College in Vatican City, where about thirty young men from Abyssinia and Eritrea, who have been specially picked for their intelligence and physique, receive at the Pope's expense a course of training to fit them to spread the Roman Catholic faith in East Africa

RELIGIOUS TRAINING: The College Chapel, in which the Pope's pupils not only attend services but are taught how to conduct them, taking it in turns to assist the priest in his duties at the altar

THE SCHOOL BUILDING: The exterior of the Papal Ethiopian College which was inaugurated fifteen years ago in the grounds of the Vatican during the time of Pope Benedict XV

RECREATION: Most of the students are enthusiastic and competent tennis players, and throughout the year this is their principal form of sport. Even when playing, however, they evidently do not discard their tight-fitting clerical attire, which is apt to hamper their movements

VICE-RECTOR P. PLACIDUS, one of the Vatican's most brilliant scholars, giving two of his charges a lesson in European languages—a highly important part of the curriculum as it subsequently helps to increase the range of their studies. *On left*—Climbing the stairs to the terrace a favourite spot where many of the young Abyssinians spend their leisure hours

THE WAR IN ABYSSINIA:

MARSHAL DE BONO TAKES HIS LEAVE — HAILE SELASSIE IN OGADEN, AND OTHER MATTERS

THE SWINDON OF ETHIOPIA: An aerial view of Diredawa, the town on the Djibuti-Addis Ababa line, which it is said the Italians have agreed not to bomb provided Emperor Haile Selassie stations no troops there. On the left of the river is the old native quarter, and on the right the modernly laid out European quarter, which is largely occupied by French engineers employed in the local railway workshops. The place is fairly up to date, boasting a number of good shops, an hotel, a cinema, and streets illuminated by electric light. At the Customs House an examination is held of the luggage of all passengers entering or leaving Ethiopia by train

THE EMPEROR'S VISIT TO THE FRONT: Haile Selassie pictured at Addis Ababa aerodrome before leaving by 'plane for Jijiga, the concentration point of the Abyssinian troops in the Ogaden region, where His Majesty was particularly impressed by the extraordinarily high moral of the troops and by the powerful control exercised by their commanders in restraining impatient soldiers anxious for immediate action against the invaders. The Emperor also flew to Diredawa and other important centres

Scenes on Both Sides of the Lines

On Right—
DEFENDERS OF THE SOUTH: A lorry, mounted with an anti-aircraft gun, patrolling the Ogaden desert in anticipation of an invasion by General Graziani's 'planes across the Somaliland frontier. Up to now the Italians have not done a great deal of damage with their bombs, but as a precautionary measure the Emperor has ordered the evacuation of Harar, Ethiopia's second city

A PLATEAU OF THE SOUTH EAST: Intensely cultivated country presenting comparatively few difficulties for an invading force and through which the Italians may possibly pass at a later stage of their "push" towards the interior. This was once a region of immense volcanic activity and the lakes seen in the picture have formed in extinct craters

FAREWELL REVIEW: Marshal de Bono inspecting the Eritrean Legion of Young Fascists at Asmara Aerodrome, one of his last acts before returning to Rome after handing over the command of the East African forces to Marshal Badoglio, the Chief of the Combined Italian Staffs

IL DUCE'S SON-IN-LAW HONOURED: Marshal de Bono giving the traditional embrace to Count Ciano after presenting him with a medal of valour awarded for the gallant part he took in a recent combat near Anatolo between Italian bombing 'planes and some Abyssinian anti-aircraft gunners

THE DANGERS OF "THE GREAT AMERICAN SOUTH WEST"

A FORBIDDING LAND: In many parts of the south-west there are no proper motor roads, and here the track crosses what is usually in winter a raging torrent and in summer a meandering stream. In the dry season cars frequently become embedded in the mud

ARCHITECTURE OF THE DESERT: The entrance to an adobe house at Tao, New Mexico. The gate is adorned with an old mission bell, relic of the days of Spanish occupation which came to an end in 1822

A LOG A MILLION YEARS OLD: A wonder of the famous petrified forest which ranks with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado as one of the show places of a region full of geological interest

Desert States where Death Still Lurks, Even for Those Who Know the Country Well

ANYONE who does not know "the great American South West" cannot realise its primitive and forbidding character that has survived the development of cities of considerable size, the rise of flourishing towns, the spread of a network of railroads, the building of many modern highways.

Death still lurks in the desert, as proved recently when two young boys, dissatisfied with the conditions in a recreational camp in the Camp Creek foothills of Arizona, ran away in an effort to reach their homes. They were found dead of thirst within a mile of water. A third boy was found still alive, but in a critical condition due to lack of water and to the intense heat of the desert.

Two more boys who accompanied the party of runaways did manage to find their way to ranch houses, where they were taken in and cared for, thus escaping the fate of the others. The boys who escaped were Edward Arce, twelve, and Ralph Romero, eleven.

As soon as these two boys reached ranch houses large posses were organised and began scouring the country, but they found the ill-fated party too late. Beside one of the dead boys was found a hole which he had clawed in the sand in a maddened effort to reach water.

Ironically enough, after the two boys had died, rain began to fall, and fell throughout the night.

This great desert is a bewildering thing, and almost certain to be fatal to the person who does not know it. It is fatal, too, to many who do know it intimately. Only the rancher with a particular gift, not explicable, seems able to cope with it. Nothing is more common than for a farmer or cattleman from the middle-west to come into this country with a small fortune and lose it all. His sheep or cattle die. His crops fail. He himself withers, apparently because the desert does not want him. Here and there a man prospers. The desert seems to respond to his least touch. But he is the exceptional child of fortune.

Perilous indeed is it for anyone not thoroughly familiar with the country to try to cross it without a guide. A little more than a year ago it was my privilege to drive my cousin's cattle 146 miles across central New Mexico, from Green's Gap, which you will not find on the map, but which is 68 miles west of Magdalena, notorious gambling and outlaw town, to Valencia, which you will also not find on the map, but which is about 23 miles south of Albuquerque.

For four days we were without any trail at all. When it rained we saw many mirages. When the wind shifted or the temperature changed suddenly we saw more mirages. Once we ran out of water, and there was an afternoon when all that I could see were red and blue and yellow moons dancing before my eyes. And this was true although we never ran out of food.

We killed five rattlesnakes. Twice a herd of wild cattle tried to stampede our herd. Repeatedly we missed our trail, and narrowly escaped being lost at night in a country filled with canyons where one misstep would have been fatal. And on several occasions we met red-eyed, snorting bulls which had to be handled only as the cattlemen of the desert can handle them . . . and then he can't be sure that they will not turn on him.

The desert has a curious and sinister witchery. A splendid country for invalids, it is nevertheless true that many invalids who have come here commit suicide. Frequently that occurs when the wind blows and the sun shines at the same time, a phenomenon which produces a nervous condition that is as distracting as it is inexplicable.

I have seen an inch or so of snow fall, and within four hours have seen the snow disappear, leaving the ground as dry as a bone. I have seen a heavy snow fall out of a clear blue sky, under a glittering sun.

I have seen the sunset . . that is the colors of the sunset . . in the north, south, and east, leaving the western horizon a clear blue; and I have seen all the colors of the sunset gathered in a canopy directly overhead, with the whole horizon a clear blue.

I have stood at the foot of the rainbow, actually have seen a rainbow springing from feet . . . but the pot of gold was at the other end. Sometimes these mad illusions are inspiring. Sometimes they are depressing. Sometimes they lead to death. Certainly there are few placid minds in this region.

Nelson Springer

AERIAL RECORD-BREAKERS :

Britain's New High Speed Military 'Plane—Another Flying Flea hops across the Channel

THE R.A.F.'s LATEST "FIGHTER": The single-seater Hawker, an experimental type which is said to be capable of a higher speed than any other military aeroplane yet produced. It is equipped with a Rolls-Royce 12-cylinder supercharged engine, known as the Merlin

A PIONEER FLIGHT: A composite picture of the Flying Flea, which has been built by Stephen Appleby and in which he flew the Channel last week from Lympne to St. Inglevert, near Calais, making the crossing in 35 mins. and bettering by 17 mins. the time recently set up by M. Henri Mignet. Mr. Appleby's 'plane is fitted with a specially-adapted four-cyclinder Ford engine designed for use in small aircraft

THE GAY ADVENTURER: Jean Batten, the twenty-five-year-old New Zealand aviatrix, resting beneath the shadow of her machine after making a forced landing on Praia Secca beach during her flight from England to Brazil. A few hours before this picture was taken she had accomplished the feat of being the first woman to fly the South Atlantic alone

THE END OF THE HOP: Stephen Appleby, pilot of the Flying Flea, greeted by his fiancée, Zoë Pearson, on landing at St. Inglevert after his successful cross-Channel flight. He immediately sent a telegram to M. Mignet, the French inventor of this type of miniature 'plane

THE NEWLY-INVENTED RADIO METEOR-GRAPH which automatically records barometric pressure, temperature, and humidity, and is fitted to a U.S. Army 'plane which ascends every day to 17,000 ft. in order to take readings for the Blue Hill Observatory

PREPARING TO SEARCH FOR A MISSING COMRADE: Harry Purvis engaged at Mascot Aerodrome, Sydney, in installing a new tank in his Gannet monoplane before leaving with two companions to search for Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith. The venture had to be abandoned at Cloncurry as Purvis fell ill

A "SPHERE" POST BAG: Pictures from Readers Abroad

H.P.: Horse haulage still holds its own in certain parts of New South Wales and in this delightful picture, recently sent us by a reader, a team of more than a score is seen pulling a wagon loaded with a surface condenser destined for installation at a country power station some miles from Sydney. It is extremely doubtful if any motor lorry could have done the job as the road surface was very poor

THE GAUCHO: A fine study of an Argentine herdsman and his horse. He is employed by a meat factory and helps with the rounding up and separating of cattle

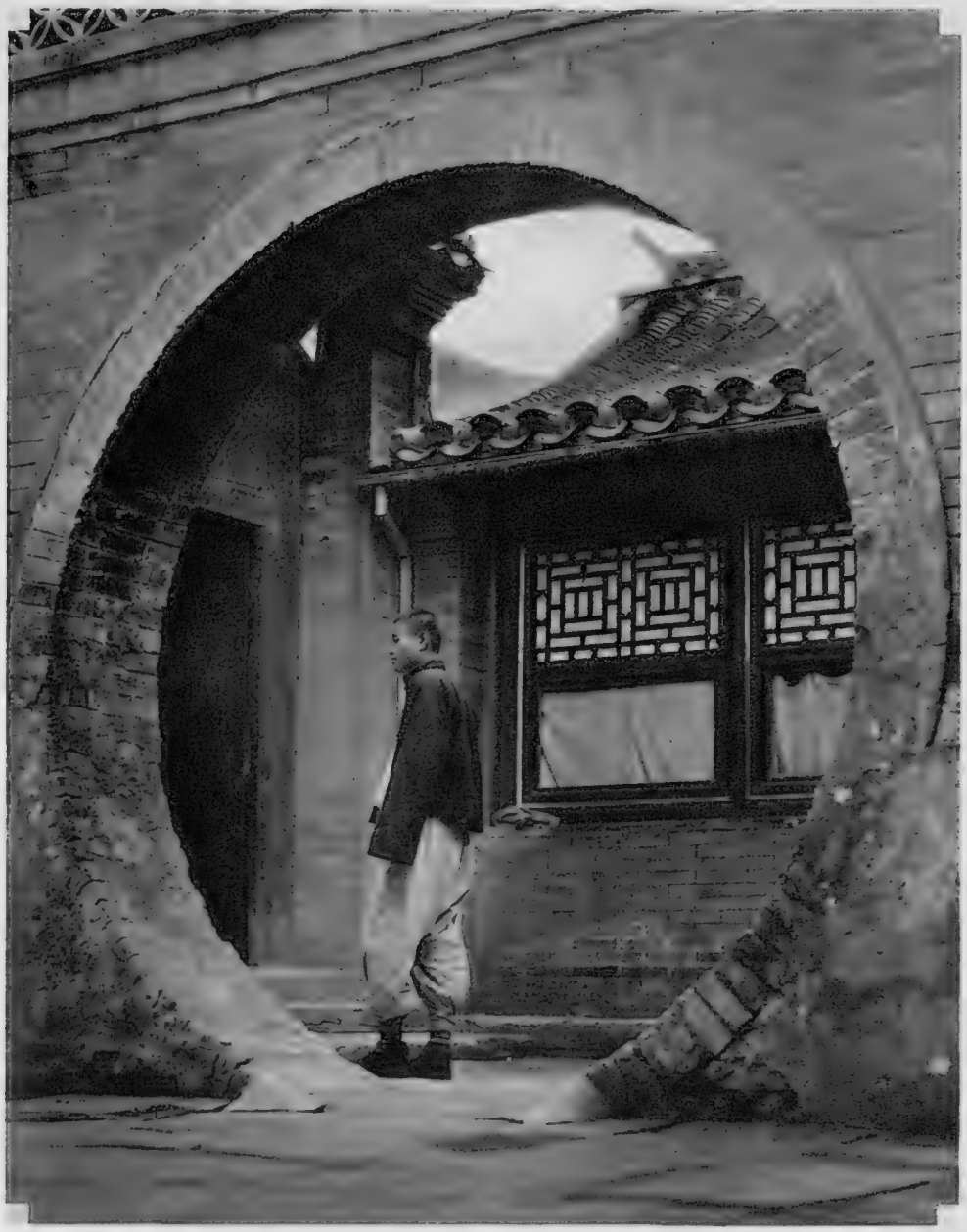
A MANICURE FOR JUMBO

One of New Delhi's processional elephants having its feet attended to, being chained down by the legs during the operation

THE TORBELLA VIADUCT: The vast concrete structure carrying across a gorge the new Genoa mountain highway, known as the Camionale, which was opened by Signor Mussolini in October and has been built exclusively for the use of commercial vehicles. It is said to be the only one of its kind

The mountainous country lying to the north of Genoa has for years made the transport of goods to Milan, Turin, and the other northern cities, a matter of no ordinary difficulty, both the railway and road following courses that were tortuous in the extreme. It was for this reason that Signor Mussolini decided to construct the Camionale and now after three years of work, involving the dynamiting of tens of thousands of cubic feet of rock, the first and most important section of the highway is complete and the route between Genoa and Serravalle Serivia has no gradients in excess of 1 in 25, as compared with the 1 in 11 formerly obtaining. The width of the road is 33 ft., and in the course of its 31 miles there are ten bridges, four viaducts, 315 smaller bridges, ten tunnels of a total length of 3,136 yards, and 16 miles of retaining walls

THE BERSAGLIO BRIDGE: Another piece of engineering work carried out during the construction of the Camionale. It consists of four 66 ft. arche-



IN OLD PEIPING: A picturesque, circular entrance-way leading to a Chinese residence

A LOOK into CHINA

An Attempt to Estimate the Amount of Material Progress Already Accomplished in Spite of Wars and Rumours of Wars

By E. H. ANSTICE

BY no means the least of the misfortunes from which China suffers, in common it must be admitted with many other countries, is that happenings in her political world are apparently still held to have a greater news value than those in the economic. For one line on industrial developments, twenty at least must be written on political. A revolt in an outlying province like Sinkiang gets headlines, where the completion of an important new road, linking up important and potentially highly prosperous districts, passes unnoticed. The result is that the ordinary reader gets only one side, and that the darkest side, of the picture presented by China to-day. Admittedly the political situation is bad enough, and there is nothing to be gained by glossing over it. Canton still goes its own way; Nanking retains but an uneasy and uncertain hold on the North, where long-standing antipathies combine with the sight of the new prosperity across the Great Wall to drag Pekin into the Manchoutikuan orbit. Civil war is endemic in Szechuen; Sinkiang has been in open revolt, and the issue there is still far from being satisfactorily settled; in Kiangsi, the Communists still hold their own; and, most recent of all, there has been rebellion in Fukien, with the "heroic" 19th Route Army, the quondam saviours of Shanghai, providing sardonic commentary as the villains of the piece.

It is a disheartening enough picture, but there is another with far more cheerful tints which can be placed alongside it. In the midst of all this confusion quite a considerable amount of economic reconstruction is taking place.

Mr. G. E. Stockley, British Vice-Consul, records impressions he derived from two journeys of inspection in Szechuen and Kweichow. Of Chengtu he says, "I was interested in the series of fine wide streets which the enterprise of General Yang Sen first created, and which now traverse the greater part of the city. Its shops were full of down-river and foreign goods, as well as of local produce, and it only remains for peace and a more modified local control of movements of goods for trade to assume really large dimensions." "The wonderful thing about the province of Szechuen," he says later, "is the tremendous mileage of motor roads that are being constructed and are now in use. This now amounts to not far short of 2,000 miles." He admits that the best only approximate to a second-class road in England, and that they are often made impassable in heavy rain, still "this network of roads represents a remarkable achievement on the part of the provincial and civic authorities." At Hanchow he was "much impressed with the cleanliness of the place and the friendliness of the people. It has well-paved streets and an electric light plant." These passages refer to Szechuen and places a thousand miles inland, the only means of communication with the outside world being the Yangtse River, and gain additional significance from the war-torn condition of the province—it is credited with having witnessed over 400 civil wars since 1912.

On right—CHINA'S IMPROVING COMMUNICATIONS: Examples of the improved rolling-stock now in use on the railroads which of recent years have shown a marked increase in efficiency. The Chinese are great patrons of a railway service—once it is installed

While, in fact, General Chang Kai-Shek wages war on the Communists and bandits, and seeks to achieve and maintain unity from the soldier's tent, others are working toward the same end on more pacific lines. In one sense the greatest sign of progress is the abandonment of grandiose Government schemes. and the steady realisation of practicalities by officials and politicians.

A really adequate system of communications is one of the very first of China's needs. There can be no real or lasting advance in any sphere until progress has been made in this direction. To maintain its authority over so huge an area as China, the Government must be in constant contact with the provinces, able to dispatch officials, and if necessary, troops to any point in the shortest possible time. One of the weaknesses of Nanking at the moment is that it is virtually isolated from the South and West, as the following table of distances and times will show.

Nanking to	Peiping	706 miles	23 hours
,,	Tsinan	407 ,,	17 ,,
,,	Hankow	350 ,,	40 ,,
,,	Canton	912 ,,	4 days
,,	Chengtu	1,300 ,,	20 hours
,,	Changsha	712 ,,	5 days

It takes, that is, to take one example alone, five times as long to reach Changsha as to reach Peiping the same distance away, unless, of course, the journey is made by air. Good roads and railways are of vital importance, and as much to the farmer, the merchant, and the industrialist as to the politician.

In 1921 there were probably not more than 100 miles of good roads in China outside the districts under foreign control. By 1926 the figure, mainly through the efforts of the Good Roads Association and the International Famine Relief Commission, had risen to perhaps 10,000—to give accurate figures is impossible, there are so many conflicting estimates. The railways, when the Nanking Government seized power, presented a very sorry spectacle. Not only had there been no new construction for years, but repair and maintenance work had also ceased. The whole system had been disorganized by years of constant civil war and of corrupt and inefficient management. "A general in control of a railway," to quote Professor Tawney, "is like a monkey with a watch, and as a result of civil war parts of it (i.e. the country's railway system) have been unusable for commercial purposes for long periods together. Rolling-stock is falling to pieces, and owing to lack of engineering resources cannot be put in order. Engines and coaches are retained by rebellious militarists for their private convenience. In some districts the permanent way is out of repair." The same factors of military interference and internal corruption have operated, though to a less degree, in the China Merchants Steam Navigation Company, which represents to all intents and purposes, China's merchant marine. In 1927 the Company was in a very poor way, in fact practically on the verge of bankruptcy. Airways there were none.

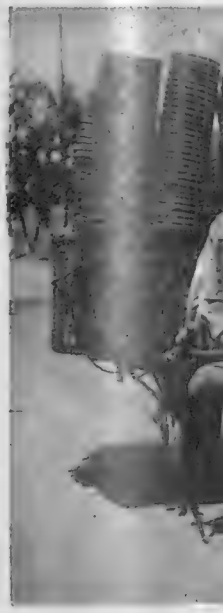
The position to-day, six years later, is far more encouraging. Opinion generally agrees in putting the mileage of roads suitable for motor traffic at something over 40,000, and every month sees this figure added to. In particular the three provinces of Anhwei, Chekiang, and Kiangsu have been linked up by an extensive system of highways. Three years ago it was hardly possible to move ten miles by motor outside Shanghai—to-day Nanking, Hangchow, Hweichow, Wuhu, most of the important towns in fact, can be reached by car. Attention is now being directed to a Seven Province Scheme, which aims at

(Continued on p. 428)

CHINESE WONDERLAND: A primitive but picturesque type of equipage passing the granite figure of an elephant at the Imperial Necropolis near Peiping. The carter, it will be noted, does not hold the reins, as his son walks beside the pony, directing it by word of mouth. The decorative wheel is a feature of particular interest as is also the manner in which the awning is supported by the shafts

"PEKING CART"

A vehicle peculiar to the old capital city, plying between the suburbs and the business quarter and providing the middle-class Chinese with a means of transport. The lower classes invariably walk



ON RUBICON DRIVE, ing a load of waste factory to

ALL ALIVE'O: Takin easy matter in Ho cause little trouble in these

TRANSPORT in OLD CHINA: *Where Man is Still a "Beast" of Burden*

AN ANCIENT AND STILL POPULAR MODE OF TRAVEL: For nearly forty centuries life has proceeded in many parts of China without the aid either of roads or railways, transport along the well-worn tracks by pack coolies, and along the thousands of miles of waterways being the recognised means of communication. Note in this sedan chair how ingeniously the weight is distributed between the bearers

IVE, SHANGHAI: Wheel-
vaste paper baskets from a
to a retail store

king pigs to market is an
Hong Kong as they can
ble when securely fastened
se wicker crates

A special type of wheelbarrow used by farmers for conveying dead pigs into the city. The youth resting in the background probably finds one of these loads about as much as he can manage

COLD PORK!

A Look into China

(Continued from p. 425)

IN THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT WALL: A scene on the Peiping-Kalgan railroad, one of the vital links in the Sino-Manchoutikuan area. It was built without the assistance either of foreigners or foreign capital, but most of the Chinese engineers who carried out the work were graduates of English or American universities. Immense difficulties were encountered owing to the mountainous and rocky nature of the country. The locomotive and carriages in the foreground of this picture give an indication of the up-to-date rolling-stock now employed

linking up these highways with those of Kiangsi, Hunan, Hupeh, and Honan. Outside these areas, too, the local authorities are doing a great deal, and one can hardly read a report from the interior which does not refer to road construction and the establishment of motor transport services. The Chinese Economic Bulletin of September 30, 1933, contains, for example, a report of the opening of a motor-bus service on a new Suiyuan-Sinkiang highway.

The railway situation is also much improved. Construction has started again, and though the sum total of completed mileage—310—with another 160 or thereabouts under construction, may not seem impressive, it represents some very important and valuable work. In particular the Hankow-Canton line seems at last to be on the way to completion, the money for it having been practically guaranteed by the British Boxer Indemnity Commission. This will provide the much-needed direct rail communication between Central and Southern China. The new line 200 miles long running south-west from Hangchow through Chekiang is to be extended westwards through Kiangsi to connect up with it at Pinchang, when the two together should prove of inestimable value in restoring this portion of the country to prosperity.

Even more important than this, however, is the reorganisation of existing lines that has been and is going on. Slowly but surely the old abuses are being wiped out, rolling stock and the permanent way repaired and improved, services increased and accelerated, military interference suppressed, though in regard to the latter the railways are still expected to subsidise the war lords of the areas in which they operate. In 1932 5,500,000 dollars went in this way. A start has to be made, too, in paying off old debts for railway materials supplied, and in liquidating defaults on loan obligations, though in regard to the latter it has to be confessed that the position is still very far from being completely satisfactory to the foreign bondholder.

But the most spectacular advance in the realm of communications has probably been in the matter of airways. Two semi-national companies have been formed, the China National Aviation Corporation and the Eurasia Aviation Corporation, with the assistance of American and German capital respectively, the Government retaining in each case the controlling financial interest. The former maintains regular services over four routes: Shanghai–Hankow, Hankow–Chengtu, Shanghai–Peiping, Shanghai–Canton. Between January and November 1933, its planes flew 571,902 miles carrying 2,349 passengers and 40,767 kilos of air mail. The Eurasia Corporation operates four routes: Shanghai–Lanchow, Peiping–Loyang, Lanchow–Urumtchi, and Canton–Hankow. Details of the mileage flown are not to hand. The only figures available give the number of passengers in 1932 as 589 and the amount of air mail and other matter carried as 11,300 kilos. The work of this concern is of particular importance, first because it provides the only means of speedy communication with the remote North West, and secondly because it is the means whereby it is hoped ultimately to establish direct air communication with Europe. From Urumtchi the service is to be extended to the Russian border, where connection will be made with the general network of European air lines.

In the industrial world China is steadily, if slowly, beginning to manufacture at home much that in the past she imported. Chinese-made goods are increasingly ousting the foreign product from the market. The new duties have made the price of the latter prohibitive, while in many cases there is very little difference in quality, not sufficient in any case to offset the great disparity in price. There is nothing particularly striking to record, it is true, no birth of a great industry. It is a matter of small things, which, when put together, represent a considerable total. A number of Chinese manufacturers have recently established the China Native Products Company in order to bring their goods before the public. At its premises Nanking Road, Shanghai, there are over forty departments, and in them a really astounding array of China-made articles has been assembled. Furniture, prams, radio sets, stoves, hardware, sewing machines, crockery, stationery, toys, woollen goods, cotton goods, in which last connection may be mentioned the improvement in quality and output of native grown cotton as a result of experimental stations and the supply of better seed—hats, shoes, trunks, hosiery, cosmetics, soap, drugs and patent medicines, surgical instruments, biscuits, confectionery, tinned provisions—the list seems unending. In some cases it is true, zeal has outrun discretion, as when one finds bottles of Shanghai-made "port" labelled M. and V. Silvey, and being sold for 33 cents, or brandy at 50 cents, or "Butterfly Champagne" at 1.60 dollars a quart. He would be a hardy man indeed who would venture on any of these.

SPANNING THE HOU DA: A pre-cast concrete pile trestle bridge on a recently-completed section of the Chekiang-Kiangsi Railway, which will eventually provide much needed direct rail communication between Central and Southern China

The basic and heavy industries remain in their infancy—China produces very little as yet in the way of iron, coal, steel and machinery—nevertheless a concerted effort is being made to establish them on a sound footing. Most important here are the plans for the industrialisation of the Yangtse valley. These envisage the establishment under State control, with the assistance of foreign capital, of iron and steel works, a central machine shop, an ammonia sulphate plant, and, in the near future, a hydro-electric plant on the upper reaches of the river. Foreign capital has already been interested, and surveys are being made of the iron and coal areas, so that, though at the moment the whole scheme remains little more than a paper project, it is one which there can be every hope of carrying through.

In the early years of the Nanking Government such reconstruction work as was accomplished was spasmodic and isolated. Despite pretentious Government schemes most of what was actually done was the work of detached bodies—of a provincial government here, of a local general there, in other places of some such body as the Good Roads Association or the International Famine Relief Committee. Elsewhere again private enterprise got to work. There was little co-ordination, little or no supervision to see that funds were spent to the best advantage, if they were not, as not infrequently happened, misappropriated, and that there was no duplication of effort.

Five different ministries have responsibilities in economic matters, and these almost inevitably overlap, and at times even conflict with each other. In addition to a number of standing commissions, such as the National Reconstruction Commission, a number of temporary commissions, often composed of experts, have from time to time been set up. With the establishment of the National Economic Council at the end of 1931 a definite attempt was made to get away from this system or rather lack of system. This body is to act as the supreme body in Government economic planning and reconstruction, and though there is always the fear that it will prove to be just an addition to the many that have preceded it, its record so far is distinctly encouraging. It has been placed directly under the Central Political Council, and has had the assistance of a number of foreign experts delegated or recommended by the League of Nations. Its five special committees on roads, hydraulic engineering, health, education, and rural reconstruction have already shown valuable results. The three and seven province road schemes already referred to, flood prevention, irrigation and reclamation work in many parts of the country, and the establishment of a central field health station are some of its achievements.

Much of this must seem to be a recital of very small beer. What, after all, it may be asked, is the building of even thousands of miles of roads yearly, when 8,500,000 miles are needed to reach the same position as Great Britain, over 4,000,000 to reach that of the United States, and

(Continued on p. 444)

THE IRON ROAD TO SOUTH CHINA: A stretch of the new Chekiang-Kiangsi Railway where it follows the course of the Wan Kiang. The cost of constructing the track is being practically guaranteed by the British Boxer Indemnity Commission, and, when completed throughout its length, it is almost certain to lead to considerable commercial development in at present distressed areas

News from the PROVINCES

A NEW ASPECT OF BRISTOL CATHEDRAL: An uninterrupted view of this stately minster has always been obtainable from College Green, and now the western façade, with its twin towers, has been fully exposed by the demolition of a number of old buildings, including a house formerly occupied by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. The site is not to remain clear for long, however, as a vast block of new Municipal Buildings is shortly to be erected there at a cost of £370,000

THE HOLNEST MAUSOLEUM, which stands in an old churchyard on the Dorchester-Sherborne Road and is now in process of demolition. It was built in the last century by John Samuel Ernle-Drax, an eccentric M.P. who was known as "the silent member of the House" and who held a rehearsal of his funeral before his death

A MIDLAND TREASURE HOUSE: Blakesby Hall, Birmingham, probably the finest of the city's timbered houses, which has been restored as nearly as possible to its original condition as a manor house of the Elizabethan period and has now been opened as a museum devoted to the history of the Manor of Birmingham

A MURAL MASTERPIECE ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION: This wall-paper, in the form of a woodcut print of scenes in Italy, which has for over a hundred years adorned the dining room at the White Hart Hotel, St. Austell, Cornwall, has just been transferred to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington. It is in excellent preservation, is printed on imitation tapestry paper, and is said to be the only surviving one in England of sixteen prints made between 1800 and 1820 by Dufour, of Paris, the views representing Tivoli, Amalfi, Vesuvius in eruption, and ships in the Bay of Naples. Many people have expressed considerable surprise that such a work should be found in a provincial hotel, but it is on record that the building now known as the White Hart was formerly the residence of Mr. Charles Rashleigh and the paper was installed at his direction. He was the local squire and his home was called Rashleigh House

A QUESTION OF EQUILIBRIUM: Con Colleano, the Australian wire-walker — a star attraction at the Christmas Circus at Olympia. *Right* — One of Mr. Mills' troupe of clowns

£s.d. of the CIRCUS

What It Costs Bertram Mills to Stage His Annual Christmas Entertainment at Olympia

By CHARLES GRAVES

TO-DAY is the second of the forty-five which form the annual tenancy of Olympia by Bertram Mills and his circus. Once again he has allowed himself an exact week in which to get in, followed by five weeks of the circus itself, and concluding with three days only to get out. True, his contract with Olympia permits him to make use of the box office as from the first Monday in December, but it was only yesterday that he started to erect all the complicated gear necessary for the show.

It would be a breach of commercial faith to disclose the exact rental of Olympia for this period of six weeks and three days, but one can disclose the figure of £16,000 as covering this and the preparation of the building for his entertainment. His advertising expenditure is £17,000, while the artistes' salaries amount in the aggregate to £15,000.

In full, he and his two boys, Cyril and Bernard, have to face a sum of over £70,000 before the parade starts after the opening lunch on Friday. Merely the decorations for the hall at the opening lunch cost £250. The installation of special hot plates for the meal itself used to cost £120, but a cheaper way of doing this has been found, and this is now only a matter of £80.

All told, the luncheon last year cost no less than £2,450. But in arriving at this figure nothing was allowed for the price of the coco-nut matting carpet. This came to nearly £500 more. It is assumed, however, that it will last six or eight years.

Those of you who go to Olympia this year will be interested to know that the muslin canopy over the circus giving that tent-like appearance in the building costs £590 each year. The reason for this is that the fire-proofing material with which it has to be treated destroys the colour and the fabric. It is odd that although this canopy is now one of the essential parts of the decoration of Olympia, it was originally used to prevent the seating from being draughty.

One of the differences between running the circus and putting on a play in a theatre is that the contract with an actor in a play is merely for the run of the piece, which would leave you with no liability over and beyond three days if the show ran only that length of time. In the case of the international stars of the circus, their salary is guaranteed for the exact number of performances during the five weeks, come war or pestilence. It is the same, of course, with Olympia, the rent for which was paid some weeks ago. Thus if any vital event occurred which compelled the circus to stop in midflight, the rent, rates, taxes, insurance, artistes' salaries, the cost of building up and pulling down, and the overhead charges of No. 1, Dorset Square, the permanent circus offices, would all go on. All that would stop would be a proportion of the salaries of the staff, the electric light, heat, and telephone bill (which incidentally comes to £200 a week).

Among the minor overhead expenses is the cost of the 6,000 lamps outside the building, placed there for advertising and decorative purposes. These, at an average cost of about 3s. each, come to £900 for erection, hire, and dismantling. Every year, moreover, it is necessary to spend £450 in the erection, lighting, heating, and furnishing of the dressing-rooms for the artistes and the staff.

The more you look into the expenses the more surprised you become at the quantities of small details which, insignificant in themselves, amount to a formidable total. Thus, thirty rings have to be fixed to the concrete every year to which the circus artistes can fix their guy-ropes. These rings cost 14s. apiece, and, because the canopy over the seating hides the electric clock, this has to be moved to a place where it can be seen by the public, and the cost of running special mains to the clock in its new position is £2 10s. each year.

One day an elephant accidentally leant against one of the stands of the Fun Fair while waiting to go into the ring. It cost £26 to repair the damage. Elephants have to have a special water service, because they drink so much that the horses would get none if they shared a supply. This costs £3 10s.

Insurance premiums for a period of five weeks amount to £500, while the removal of rubbish during the five weeks in which the circus is open costs £87. This takes no account of the fact that forty men sweep the building every morning and another ten are employed throughout the time that the public is present in sweeping out the building.

This year it looks as though the circus was going to have a record season. On the day on which the booking began, no fewer than 76,000 seats were sold to the agents in advance. These were all firm orders—not just sale or return, and amounted to a fifth of the total possible seating accommodation throughout the five weeks. With such sums of money at stake, however, it is possible for Bertram Mills to drop £1,000 in a few minutes at a single performance. Five really foggy Fridays it is estimated, will cost him £7,500. On the other hand, five rainy week-ends will be worth £6,000 more than he would normally expect. A rainy week-end is very popular with Bertram Mills. It is liable to stop people going to Brighton or Whipsnade or somewhere else in the country. On the other hand, a foggy Wednesday does not matter much. Most of the bookings on Wednesday are done on the telephone or by post, so it has no great effect on public attendance. A foggy Friday, as I have said, is a serious matter, because most of the booking is done personally on that day. It must be remembered, however, that Wednesday is early closing day for a good deal of suburban London, including Harrow, Cricklewood, Brondesbury, and Kilburn; whereas Thursday is the early closing day in Marylebone.

It is Bertram Mills' annual experience that Christmas Eve is the worst day from the point of view of attendance throughout his season, with New Year's Eve as a runner-up. No doubt people eat so much that they do not feel like going out. But whatever the reason, you can always be sure of getting the best seats at short notice on those two days.

It is not surprising that Bertram Mills and his two sons have been invited time and again to turn themselves into a company with the idea of going to the public. So far they have steadfastly refused. The most intelligent shareholders would probably find it difficult to understand the immensely necessary expense involved by the personal choice of the world's best circus acts. For this means travelling thousands of miles several times a year. In the course of the past twelve months it is true that Bernard Mills has held the fort at home; but meantime his brother Cyril has had to visit, in search of talent, the United States, France, Germany, Denmark, Canada, Sweden, Spain, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Poland, and Czechoslovakia. Bertram Mills has similarly traversed Austria, Sweden, Denmark, the United States, France, Holland, Germany, and Switzerland. Actually Cyril has crossed the Channel on business twenty-four times (twelve each way) since last Christmas. In addition, there have been dozens of trans-atlantic telephone calls made necessary for the clinching of contracts and instructions to local agents. Telephone calls to the Continent have been still more frequent. And there was one call which cost £26 5s.

Oddly enough one of the smallest items in the huge overhead for the circus is the sawdust. Two hundred and fifty bags at the rate of seven a day are all that are required. The price has gone up recently to 1s. 3d. a bag, but still that isn't much is it?

KING OF SHOWMEN: Mr. Bertram Mills who has presented his circus show at Olympia every year since 1920

LONDON FACETS

AN OLD LANDMARK PASSES: Five gaunt chimneys, doomed to disappear, are all that remains of the famous Doulton Pottery factory at Lambeth, which was founded at the beginning of the nineteenth century by John Doulton, afterwards being developed by his son, and which is now in the final stages of demolition to make way for the erection of a headquarters for the London Fire Brigade. The tower on the right is part of Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son's warehouse, and in the background, on the opposite bank of the river, is Thames House, the giant block of offices that has changed the whole face of the Millbank area

THE GERMAN INVASION: Scenes in London last week, when 10,000 sportsmen from all parts of the Reich came over to see the match with England at White Hart Lane, which took place in spite of the untimely protests of the T.U.C., and, after being played in the friendliest spirit, resulted in a decisive 3—0 win for the home team. *Left*—A small band of anti-Nazi demonstrators, kept well back by police at Tower Hill, where they assembled when a large party of Germans were making their sightseeing tour of the Metropolis. Apart from this and a few other minor incidents all went well, and the behaviour of the visitors was exemplary. *Centre*—Some of the tourists awaiting admission to the grandstand at the Tottenham Hotspur ground, where they were guided to the correct entrances by notices printed in their own language. *Right*—Watching the changing of the guard, one of the principal attractions on the morning before the game

A MARVEL OF MODERN MEDICINE: One of twelve special oxygen tents ordered by the Red Cross Society and put at the disposal of leading London hospitals. The effect of placing a patient in the tent is often most dramatic, for within a few minutes regular breathing can be restored

WED BY THE PRIMATE: Miss Jean Gould who for five years had been a housemaid at Lambeth Palace, and Mr. A. R. Harvey, an East London police constable, leaving Lambeth Parish Church following their marriage by the Archbishop of Canterbury. A reception was afterwards held in the State Dining Room of the Palace

HOMEWARD BOUND AFTER A DAY WITH THE TOURISTS: A leonine study in Kruger National Park

LIONS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM

And Other Unusual Statements Concerning the Wonderful Kruger Park Reserve

LIONS are ideally suited for domestication.

This is the conclusion that forces itself on anyone who has had an opportunity of studying the king of beasts in the Game Reserve.

All other animals, whether predaceous or not, avoid any close contact with human beings, but lions show a partiality to keeping in the vicinity of man, his roads and camps and places of his activity.

When the first boreholes were sunk in the Kruger Park, the water obtained was in some cases conveyed to concrete troughs where the animals were expected to satisfy their thirst.

Lions, with their flair for domestication, immediately availed themselves of the artificial water supply and regularly frequented the troughs. All the other animals, however, avoided the concrete basins even when they had to travel many miles to the next drinking-place, so that eventually the troughs had to be removed in favour of more natural-looking puddle dams.

Man and his doings seem to exercise an irresistible attraction over the majestic felines who take a keen, but not as one would expect, malevolent, interest in human beings. Until a few years ago, lions were in the habit of paying frequent nightly visits to the rest-camps. Their spoors were visible to all and caused much consternation among visitors, who were at the time still imbued with a wholesome respect for lions.

As a result of these nocturnal visits by lions, it was decided in 1931 to enclose all camps with jackal-proof or barbed-wire netting.

Those brave souls who visited the park subsequently and would not miss the thrill of being entitled to have a lion poke his head into their tent, eagerly sought the temporary, unfenced camps like Tende, where the imprints of lion paws were discovered but two or three yards from the canvas tents. However, "the march of civilisation" has now robbed visitors of such thrills, and since last year, when the Tende camp was transferred to the Shingwedsi, even the most timid may sleep soundly in the knowledge that no lion will invade the camp.

Although they are no longer admitted to the immediate vicinity of man, lions have not allowed their interest in human affairs to flag in the least.

Parties of workmen and road-gangs are still being honoured by visits from the king of beasts, although his behaviour on these occasions sometimes lacks royal dignity. Quite recently one night a pride of lions called on a borehole-sinking party. The lions were much intrigued by all the tools and paraphernalia, which they proceeded to examine. One of the pride even inserted his head in a bucket which he found a little tight-fitting. Becoming agitated, he attempted to withdraw his head forcefully with the result that the handle of the bucket fell over his ears and thus more securely imprisoned it. He jumped about frantically, whilst his companions added to the pandemonium with agitated grunts. Eventually the lion succeeded in freeing himself of the encumbrance, but by that time the whole camp had been awakened to witness the amusing scene.

Although visitors to the Game Reserve may no longer look forward to similar nocturnal excitement, they may still listen in the small hours of the morning to the awe-inspiring roars that often seem to rise in the immediate vicinity of the huts, and thus have an opportunity to contribute to the controversy about the lion's voice. A great many people have regarded it as the richest and most powerful sound in all nature, whilst others, amongst them Livingstone, considered it no more impressive than the cry of an ostrich.

Tremendous as the voice of the lion undoubtedly is, it does certainly not surpass the roar of the male hippopotamus, which is, if anything, still more powerful.

But if the hippo possesses an extraordinarily strong voice it does not use it so liberally as the lion, which is the noisiest of all predaceous animals in the world.

Among the antelopes and bovines, wildebeestes are almost as often heard as they are seen, their snoring sometimes being audible above the noise of the car-engine.

Familiarity, it is said, breeds contempt, and nowhere is this proverb better illustrated than in the attitude adopted by visitors towards the wildebeeste. The gnus, as they are also called, are the most commonly-seen animals in the Game Reserve, and in its southern portion one may travel for hours without losing sight of them. For this reason people have come to pay scant attention to wildebeeste, which are a curious and highly-interesting link between antelopes and bovines, and whose apparently illogical and often paradoxical behaviour is most fascinating to watch. Yet among all plant-eating animals, gnus are paid least attention by visitors, who regard the giraffe as the most interesting among herbivorous animals. This is easily understandable, for its ungainly bulk seems strangely graceful against the background of its native haunts.

Giraffes are among the most approachable of the Game Reserve denizens and even those visitors who possess only plain box cameras may expect rich results on the roads around Satara where this tallest of all animals so prehistoric in appearance is most frequently encountered in the Kruger Park. From the primitive atmosphere that seems to surround these creatures even as hardened a man as the famous hunter F. C. Selous could not escape. In describing the stalking of giraffe, he wrote that he felt as though he and his companions were "palæolithic men hunting strange beasts in the hot dry atmosphere of a long past geological era." But all this is not surprising for ever since the day when the ancients christened the animal giant "camelopard" implying that it was half a leopard and half a camel, the fables invented about the giraffe, and the misconceptions regarding it, have been legion.

Incidentally, the most amazing blunder in the entire range of zoology that was ever committed had its origin in what is now the northern part of the Kruger Park. During the years 1836–38 a well-known hunter-naturalist, C. W. Harris, undertook an expedition near the Limpopo, on which he later based his book, *Wild Sports of Southern Africa*. In it he describes that in removing the horn of a rhinoceros "the brain was discovered, seated in a cavity below it, at the very extremity of the snout."

Compared with so amazing a statement by one who should have known better, the present-day visitor to the game reserve who claims to have seen a small elephant when he is lucky enough to encounter a rhinoceros on the Lower Sabie, must be absolved from all ridicule.

Mistakes in recognising animals are generally very common among the majority of visitors. Whilst it is true that many people fail to notice lions who are practically sleeping on the roads, and are thus disappointed in the realisation of their keenest wish, others leave the Park convinced that they have seen lions, when in reality they have caught nothing more than a fleeting glimpse of a leopard, a cheetah, or even a warthog or a baboon. The latter, particularly, when seen alone, is often mistaken for the majestic feline.

Usually baboons are encountered in herds and then, of course, there is no mistaking their identity. Baboons, and the small vervets, are the only monkeys indigenous in the Kruger Park and in South Africa generally. This is the more striking a fact since other parts of our continent abound in many varieties of what Darwin wanted us to believe are our second cousins, whilst they also harbour the gorilla and the chimpanzee—two of the four animals that are most closely related to man.

In spite of his many unpleasant characteristics, the Chacma baboon is being kept everywhere in South Africa as a pet, but those who indulge in the questionable pleasure of having this treacherous animal about their house, may at least derive some satisfaction from the fact that there were people who lived as long back as the seventeeth century B.C. who share their taste!

When van Riebeek landed in Table Bay, hippopotami occupied a swamp on the site of what is now Church Square, Capetown, whilst according to the Commander's *Journal*, the slopes of Table Mountain simply "swarmed with harts, hinds, rheeboks, hartebeeste, steenboks, and elands."

When they made their first short inland expeditions, the explorers were often forced to make detours in order to avoid vast herds of elephants and rhinoceroses. In 1657, when the first white men came to the Paarl Valley, they encountered "many rhinoceroses, zebras, and great numbers of hippopotami in the river."

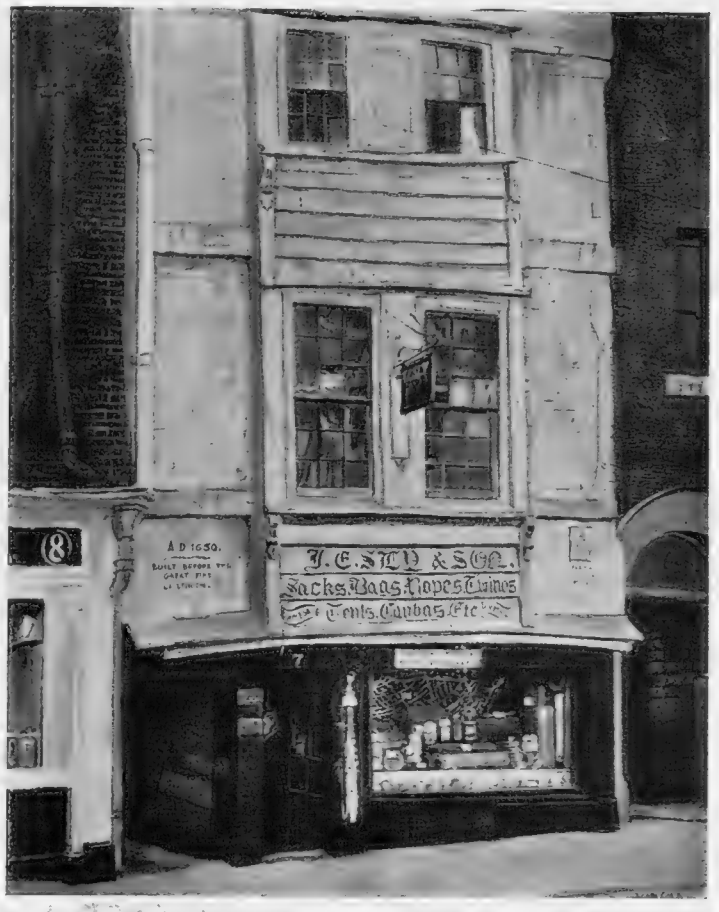
To-day, one may travel for hundreds of miles without discovering the least sign of wild life, which has been destroyed here more completely than in European countries, where man ruled a thousand years before he obtained control of South Africa.

A. M.

CURRENT ART NEWS

The Passing of the Senior Academician—A Velasquez Bought for Boston Museum—Italian Sculpture in Vienna

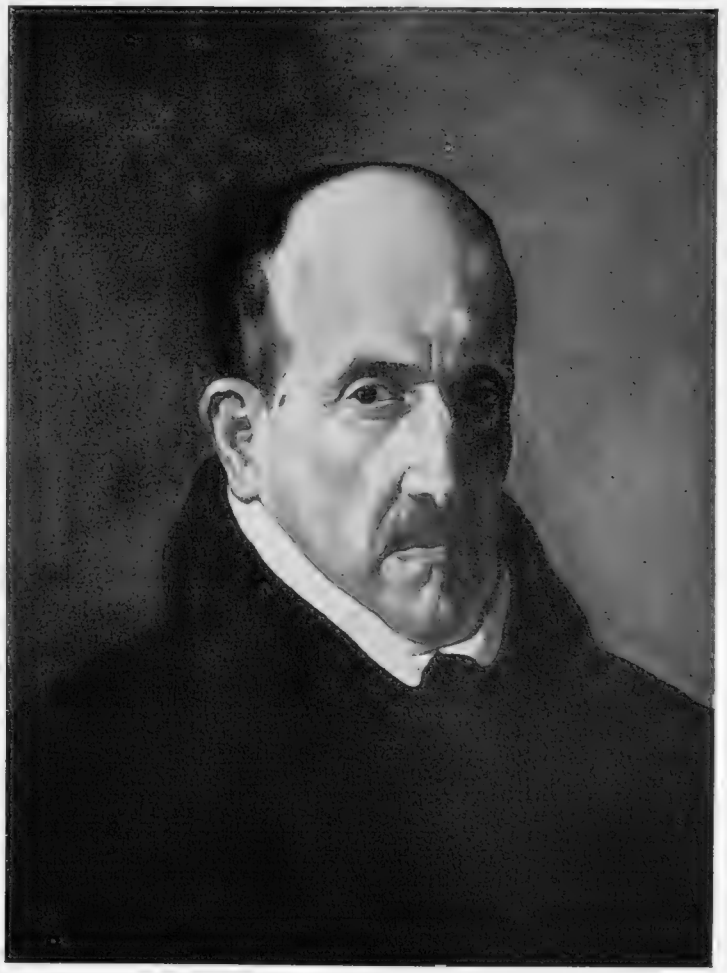
THE LATE ADRIAN STOKES, R.A., R.W.S.: T. C. Dugdale's portrait of the Senior Academician, who has just died at the age of eighty. He was best known as a painter of decorative landscapes of mountain scenery in Tirol, and it was in "Autumn in the Mountains," bought for the nation out of the Chantrey Bequest Fund, that his peculiar qualities were most fully expressed. Mr. Stokes was elected R.A. in 1919, and became vice-president of the Royal Water-colour Society in 1933. In 1884 he married Marianne Preindlsberger, a talented artist noted for her illustrations of peasant life



"OLD LONDON": No. 7, Jewry Street, E.C.3, a picturesque shop which survived the Great Fire. A canvas by John Cole, R.O.I., R.B.A., shown at a recent exhibition at Barbizon House, Henrietta Street

"DOWNHILL": A striking example of the art of Edmund Blampied, from his exhibition of water-colour drawings which started last week at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square

"THE SLEEPING CHILD": A work by Arturo Dazzi at the exhibition of Contemporary Italian Sculpture which opened recently in the building of the Secessionists in Vienna



LUIS DE GONGORA Y ARGOTE: This portrait of a Spanish poet is an interesting canvas recently acquired by the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, Massachusetts. It is said to have been painted by Velasquez in 1622, when the artist was paying his first visit to Madrid, and although lost sight of for many years its existence was known primarily by two replicas, one in the Prado and the other in a private collection. Gongora was born at Cordova in 1561, and began to write satirical and lyrical verse when a youth. His early manner was simple, but the affected, elaborate, and somewhat obscure style of his middle age gave rise to the term "Gongorism" for all that is extravagant and overstrained in poetry. He was greatly admired by his contemporaries Lope de Vega and de Cervantes

A DRAMA OF POST-WAR, PENURIOUS VIENNA: Aileen Marson and A. Scott-Gatty in *Vicky*, the new comedy at the Garrick, which has been translated from the Hungarian by Bernard Merivale. The theme has little to commend it, but Miss Marson's acting has been generally praised

STAGE and SCREEN:

FAITHFUL to the Christmas spirit and sailing a cheery route to *Macbeth* via Tchekov, the Old Vic has evolved a workmanlike rather than a brilliant production of what I venture to think is Shakespeare's most stupendous tragedy.

I will go as far as to say that *Macbeth* acted as it should be acted should rather frighten even the most hardened theatregoer. Alas, I never saw Irving's Macbeth, and Tree's, which I did see, was interesting rather than terrifying. Though his glorious voice spoke the wonderful lines superbly, Henry Ainley was not at his best here.

My minor Macbeths are many, and include that of an ambitious American actor, now dead. This actor went over to Paris and gave a special performance, in the atmosphere of officialdom, at the Odéon. For that they gave him the Legion of Honour, which drew from old Lucien Guitry the suggestion that they gave it to him in gratitude for his having played it only once.

Mr. Ion Swinley will get no Legion of Honour for his Macbeth at the Old Vic, and he is playing it many more times than once. And very well he plays it, too. Mr. Swinley is, perhaps, an uneven actor; but when he is at his best, as he is here, he is extraordinarily fine. He has the broad Shakespearean style, and can give us what unwise, inexperienced, ultra-modern, and generally doltish persons are apt to sneer at as "a bit of the old." By which is meant really that he has in a wide sense, nobility about him (despite the ignobility of Macbeth's character), understands the art of gesture, and has a good voice that he is not afraid to use.

Mr. Leo Genn's Macduff, gruff and bluff and tough, was another fine effort. Miss Vivienne Bennett's Lady Macbeth missed, as does the production as a whole, true greatness. She is a clever actress, but was this casting wise?

"Broadway Melody of 1936."—Any film which can keep me out of bed until past 3 a.m. and not also keep me out of temper must, I think, be a good film, or at least one that is almost achieving goodness. Under those oddly uncomfortable yet fashionable conditions known as a "Midnight Gala Première" I have seen *Broadway Melody of 1936*.

Although I have no desire to revisit it in 1937, or even again in 1935, this is an excellent film of its slick, shoppy, sometimes sloppy, and essentially American type. It is adorned with mass productions of dancing youths and maidens. They dance, in widening and converging circles, in a New York night club and also during the rehearsals, apparently, of a New York super revue. Hundreds of these youths raise a top-hat and wave a cane at the same moment—veritable platoons of mute, inglorious Fred Astaires—and are partnered by a like number of exotic blondes, gorgeously clad, and graceful movers.

This is the background to a story—or is the story a background to all this?—of a New York theatrical impresario who was in love, in that sweet and holy way New York impresarios have, with a girl from his home town with whom he went to school. Thinking that Broadway might prove too broad, he chose for her the strait and narrow way instead and packed her back to Albany in a Pullman. Being a wise dame, she hopped off the train, disguised herself as a French "star," and was engaged as a leading lady by the impresario, who did not recognise her. Happy ending.

Miss Eleanor Powell, except that her French impersonation would have deceived no one and an impresario least of all, should emerge from this as a film-star with a salary large enough to build the biggest bathing-pool in Hollywood. For she is obviously the best "tap" dancer in the world, and she knows something about acting and singing too.

Most of the laughter was created by a Mr. Robert Wildlack as a professor of snoring. My American companion informed me that this, or something like it, was at one time Mr. Wildlack's profession in real life and that she had heard him lecture, in all seriousness, in New York on the formation of the throat and nose, voice-production, and so forth. As Mr. A. P. Herbert, M.A., M.P., etc., would say, "Golly!".

This enlivening film was preceded by a stage entertainment of ineffable foolishness and tedium, sundry eminent theatrical and film folk being shown in the actual process of making a film.

If film productions, rehearsals, etc., are as trying as all that, film celebrities certainly deserve their huge salaries. A "brilliant" audience endured it in the sacred cause of charity, Mr. Debroy Somers' admirable band coming to the rescue with a merry and melodious noise just when I, at any rate, was nigh unto breaking, or screaming, point.

"The Limping Man."—Incidental music which is played so loudly that the dialogue is drowned is permissible only when the dialogue is so bad that it deserves to be drowned. I could not gather the quality of the dialogue in the opening scenes of *The Limping Man* at the Phœnix owing to a piano played "off" but heard only too distinctly "on."

When a loud bang came and the piano stopped, I imagined that somebody had shot the pianist, who was decidedly not doing his best. Apparently, however, it was only the lid of the piano, the bang being followed by the agitated entrance of Miss Jillian Sandlands, who has seen or heard or, in some macabre way, felt something Indescribably Horrible. All the house-party in that gloomy old mansion with the plaster peeling from the walls

"THE LAST OUTPOST": Claude Rains in which he co-stars with Cary Grant. It *Lancer*, and has as its

WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN: A suspect in the murder case (Sanchia Robertson), who baffles the detectives by her obstinate refusal to sneak. An episode from James Parish's thriller, *Distinguished Gathering*, which has been extremely well received at the St. Martin's Theatre

PREPARING FOR PANTO: The chorus rehearsing their part in *Jack and the Beanstalk*, this year's Christmas entertainment at Drury Lane

Ion Swinley Proves a Competent Macbeth—Pleasing Film Entertainment at the Empire—Another New Crime Play

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

said "Rats," not as an offensive epithet towards Miss Sandlands but as a comforting natural explanation.

Then someone saw a pair of nasty watching eyes in the shrubbery. Then a bell rang of its own accord. Then someone else murmured something about spirits, and a retired doctor, being awfully witty, said it was an appropriate moment to have a whisky and soda. I did actually catch sight of a limping man when the lights were turned out (they always turned the lights out just when we wanted to see what was happening) but I am no nearer now than I was at that moment to understanding what this play was all about. Which is probably its main justification as a "mystery thriller."

ne new Paramount picture at the Plaza in much the same type of film as *Bengal* tting the wilds of Kurdistan

Manifestly there is a large portion of the theatre-going and novel-reading public to whom that type of picture appeals. This play seems to be an unusually mysterious specimen of its type, and as such should have a success. Crossword and jig-saw puzzle enthusiasts should love it. Being constitutionally incapable of solving any sort of puzzle, or of doing the simplest mathematical sum, and being also obstinately unwilling to try, I had to be content with watching sundry types have their exits and their entrances without even wondering what they were about. This does not rule out for me all crime plays, from *Macbeth* to *Night Must Fall*, Mr. Emlyn Williams' brilliantly successful attempt at an introspective murder play in which crime is treated from the angle of the murderer, nobody troubling about his identity, which is known from the first.

That the vast majority of theatregoers eagerly grapple with the problem of finding the guilty person once it is established that a crime has been committed is all to the good of the box-office; such plays are much easier to write and succeed far more readily.

After that masterly interlude on stage-crime in general, let us proceed to stage criminology in the matter of *The Limbing Man* and its great detective, one Disher. For all his contribution towards clearing matters up, Mr. Disher might have been a great defective. He did nothing in particular and did not even do it very well. Mr. D. A. Clark-Smith is an excellent actor whose whole personality breathes authority. To such an extent was he authoritative that he almost convinced me that Mr. Disher's cigars and

(Continued on p. 444)

IN HOLLYWOOD VEIN: This huge set, said to be the largest ever constructed for a film in this country, has been in use at the Warton Hall Studios during the shooting of the final scenes of *Things to Come*, the London Film production, based on the best-seller by H. G. Wells, and representing the world as it might be in A.D. 2045

A WOMAN OF FASHION IN A.D. 2045: Pearl Argyle as she appears in *Things to Come*—the H. G. Wells story which London Films are adapting to the screen. It will probably be shown in the West End in January

A COMEDY SUCCESS AT THE PALACE: Adele Dixon and Jack Whiting in an episode from C. B. Cochran's entertaining show, *Anything Goes*, which has recently passed its 200th performance

SIMPLE ADDITION

FEW women can fill their wardrobes with so many new clothes that they never grow tired of those they already possess. And few, perhaps, would want to, for always one has one's own particular favourites, and prolonging their life is usually much more fun than searching for successors which inevitably seem less successful.

So we have turned our thoughts to simple addition, and here are a few suggestions that will bring fresh life to tired frocks. At the head of the page a gleaming cellophane-velvet coat is sketched. In black or red it has shirring on the shoulders, wide, graceful sleeves, and a soft scarf collar. It costs seven-and-a-half guineas, and would utterly transform any dress that went to a theatre beneath it.

The photograph shows a purple velvet cape with a pointed hood, worn over a cyclamen satin frock that has a corsage edged with velvet, and a skirt that is slit at the front. It is a beautiful colour combination, and the dress and cape complete cost ten-and-a-half guineas, coming, with the coat, from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

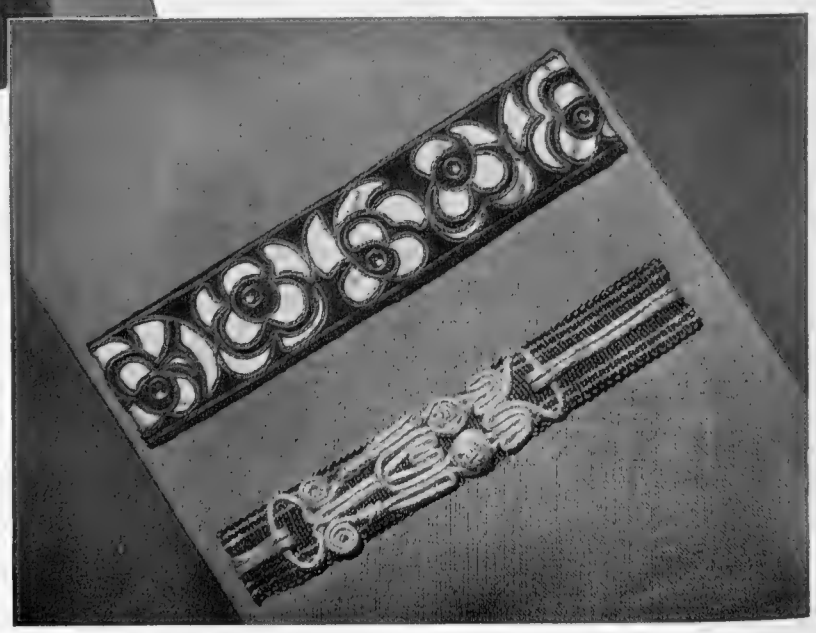
NOW let us think about that simple little black frock in which you have always felt so happy, but which really has accompanied you on so many important occasions that you feel you must make yourself leave it at home—however reluctantly!

Why not hide its familiarity — but not its flattering line — by adding a kilted collar and cuffs in white silk organdie, most admirably shaped, and exquisitely finished. They come from Marshall and Snelgrove, of Oxford Street, W. and, joy of joys, they simply button on.

Another sure way of lifting a dress out of a rut is to add a distinctive belt. This season they are so varied and so luxurious that one is tempted to spend all one's money on them. Fortunately, they need not be expensive.

Imagine what the first belt on the right would do to a cocktail dress or evening gown. In black velvet, the design is appliquéd in gold kid, interspersed with topaz-coloured stones, while the second belt is meant for afternoon frocks in fine wool. It is made of black and gold braid, with an important-looking gold cord frog across the front.

These, too, come from Marshall and Snelgrove.



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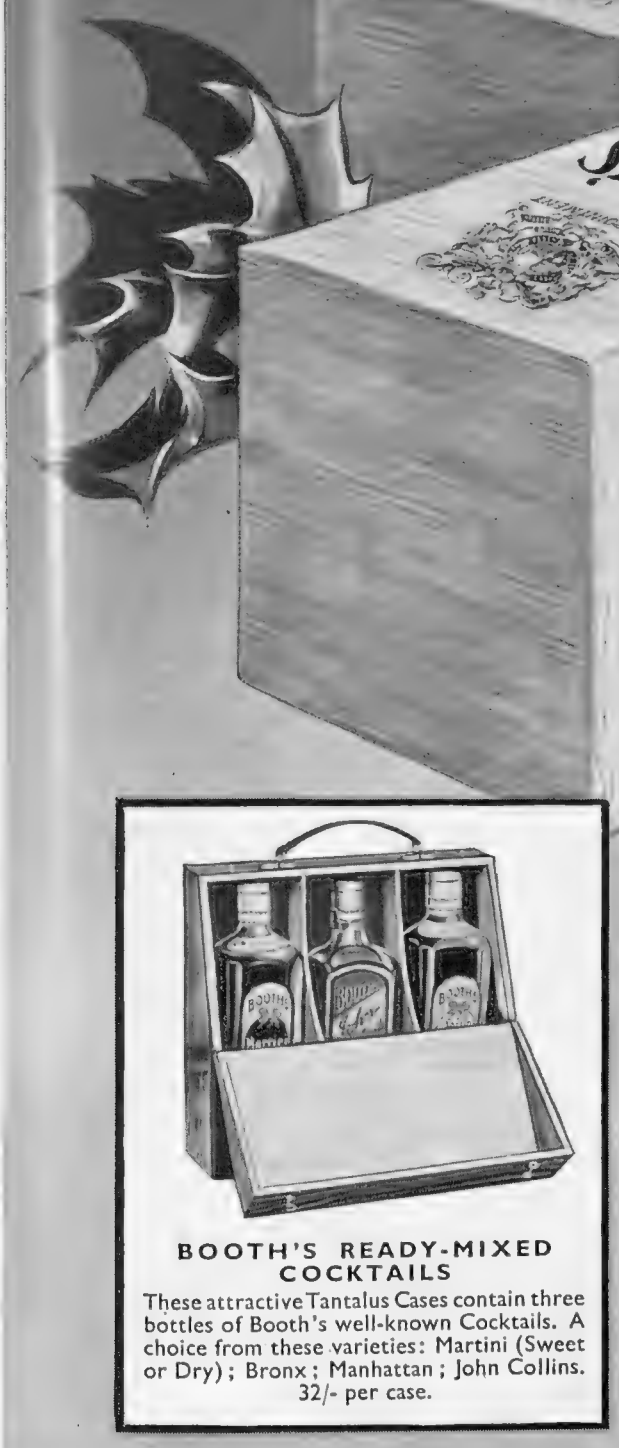
BY APPOINTMENT



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THE WORLD OF BOOKS:

Negley Farson's Vivid Autobiography—A Pole Looks at London—Eric Linklater Disappoints in his New Collection of Stories

By VERNON FANE

PACE and excitement in literature are normally the function of fiction, but Mr. Negley Farson's autobiography, THE WAY OF A TRANSGRESSOR (Gollancz. 10s.) is a story that knocks any ten novels of action, adventure, detection or the like into a cocked hat. Not that it is irreproachable, or even a model of an autobiography in any sense except, and this is an important exception, in the vivid, almost shockingly real feeling of personal feeling that it conveys.

If, after reading this book, I still need to meet Mr. Farson face to face before I can say that I know him, then I have not shown the slightest understanding of his story.

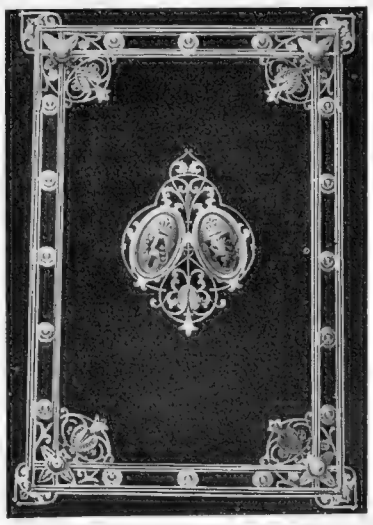
Before the war, and after a childhood spent in sailing up and down the New Jersey coast, Mr. Farson worked for a firm of Manchester chain-makers. "They were making the best chains in the world—and they knew it. They were British workmen." From there, at the beginning of the war, he went to Russia, to angle for a government contract with the most fantastically involved government in the world. The easiest way of explaining the author's personality is by relating the bare facts. He got that contract.

After Russia, which for him included Crimean adventures and trips to New York and Sweden, and the first months of the Revolution, Mr. Farson arrived in England to join the Royal Flying Corps, and to go, via Wantage, to Egypt, where he had the distinction of crashing his own machine into the sand and permanently disabling himself.

From Egypt to British Columbia is only a short hop in the Farson saga, and there he lived the life of a backwoodsman, with his English wife, who figures in this story as one of the most courageous and enterprising women alive!

Truck-selling in Chicago, sailing a tiny yacht across Europe, starting from scratch after having deliberately thrown up a secure financial position, these are a few of the most calmly and deliberately told events of the next few years of the author's life. Later he became a kind of European Jack-of-all-riots, as correspondent for an American newspaper, and hurtled with the speed and something of the force of a shell from Rome to Rhondda coal pits, from Connemara to Poland, and from "that shabby swindle, the so-called 1930 Naval Disarmament Conference" to interview Gandhi, and to comment on his "absolute sincerity."

Mr. Farson seems so obviously a born newspaper man that it seems strange, on reading his book, that he should ever have wasted his time selling trucks and chains, or, in fact, doing anything but reporting. Certainly it is his reporter's trick of being able to pin on to paper an unforgettable hour or a saying that makes this book the exhilarating thing it is.



On left—FROM A ROYAL LIBRARY: This beautifully bound book, bearing joint Austrian and Belgian arms, contains a series of old folk tales and was presented on their engagement to Archduke Rudolf of Habsburg and Princess Stéphanie, daughter of Leopold II of Belgium. It afterwards passed into the possession of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria and was sold last month at Budapest together with other volumes from her collection

I should hesitate to say that THE LONDON SPECTACLE, 1935 (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.) is a book that will solve all your Christmas present buying, as the now familiar advertisements say, but it would solve one or two of mine if I were in the habit of giving Christmas presents.

It is a book of drawings by a Polish gentleman, Mr. Feliks Topolski, representing his first series of English impressions. "They are full of wit and keen observation," writes Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis in his admirable foreword, "and, though devoid of any hint of malice,"—here I choose to disagree with Mr. Wyndham Lewis—"agreeably sub-acid."

The drawings are of a great many phases of English life, dog shows, "homing dons" at Oxford, the Jubilee procession, maharajahs, Wimbledon, Whitechapel, and the study of a public house with the terse caption "Hic!" To quote Mr. Wyndham Lewis again (and whom better?), "Of the quality of Topolski's line and the dynamism of his planes and values—is that how the jargon goes?—others are more qualified to judge than myself. It seems to me that he gets his effects with the absolute minimum of fuss." That is for me, and I hope for you, the greatest charm of the book.

A CASKET WITH A LEATHER COVERING SET WITH PRECIOUS JEWELS and bearing the Imperial arms—another important item from the collection of the late Empress Elizabeth, which was sold last month

"God likes them plain," said Brother Bonamy, and so a poor friar must be content with those on whom God looks with an indifferent eye. "That is to say, the pretty ones," and with this conclusion Brother Bonamy went forth to conquer.

Brother Bonamy is the ugly but engaging principal of the best story in Mr. Eric Linklater's new collection, GOD LIKES THEM PLAIN (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.), which is, on the whole, rather disappointing. I expect a good deal from Mr. Linklater after that inimitable *Don Juan in America* and, like children and other implacable critics, I hate to be disappointed.

The one thing, however, with which no one could reproach the writer, is variety of scene. His stories are set in the Orkney Islands, in India, in Greenland, medieval France, New Orleans, on board ship, and in Baltland and Jocynthia, the no less interesting countries of Mr. Linklater's imagination. But the joyous inspiration is missing or, if not entirely missing, is very elusive, and shows itself in such brief flashes that one is no more than tantalised.

"His Majesty the Dentist," the story of a little Englishman who achieves great power in a dictator-governed state by virtue of being the only man who can cure the high officials' toothache, has such flashes, but

(Continued on p. 440)

There's a good drink coming when the syphon *says* . . .

★ **Schweppes Soda Water** is also sold in Bottles—Large, Splits and Schweplets . . .

The World of Books

(Continued from p. 438)

they make one greedy for more, and even "Kind Kitty" though it has its splendid and uproarious moments, does not quite fill the bill.

This putting on pedestals is a cruel business, I perceive, since it gives the critic, ever afterwards, an unfair, Olympian advantage. It is comforting to know that Mr. Linklater cannot really write badly, and that even the most carping of his fans realise it.

Patrick O'Neill was in a fine way of business as a cattle dealer, a good Irishman and a devout Catholic. He was of a type that practises its faith with a blind, unquestioning, literal and thick-headed tenacity. Married to a gentle but weak and equally superstitious woman, he tyrannised over his family, two girls and a boy, whose youthful questionings were driven into furtive experiments but in whom the family ties were riveted by every force of tradition and environment.

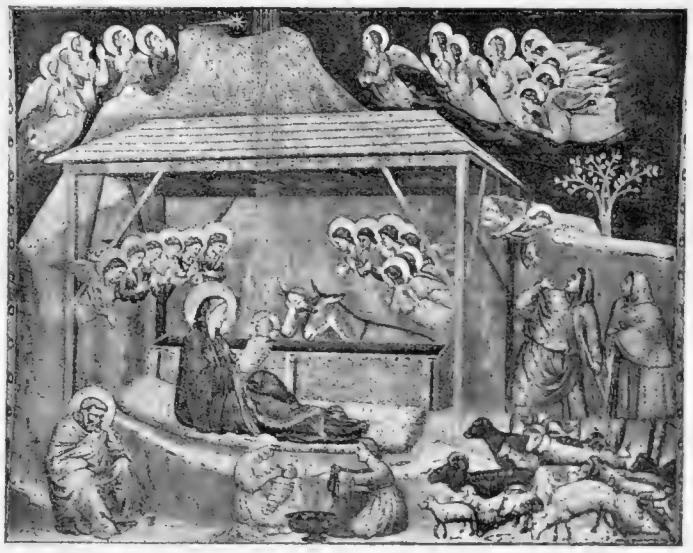
Margaret, the younger, and her father's favourite, falls, unfortunately, in love with someone so far outside her creed that disaster can only follow its fulfilment. "Never with my permission will you marry a Protestant" her father shouts, "A marriage that is no marriage. I'd rather see you dead first." But Clem is not even a Protestant, but a Theosophist, an intellectual, a vegetarian, non-smoker, teetotaler, and middle-aged. Margaret so loved him that she married him, braved all Patrick's imprecations and threats of hell fire; withstanding all attempts to win her back to faith and family.

The further tragedy is in Margaret's disillusion in her new life, in Clem's thin-blooded frog-like intellectualism as contrasted with the fullness and vigour of that which had been bred in her.

Miss Norah Hoult's **HOLY IRELAND** (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.) ends with no satisfactory issue out of any of these afflictions, so that I hesitate to believe that we shall hear no more of the O'Neills. Yet it is a rich and colourful story, in texture a fine novel, fulfilling the promise that Miss Hoult displayed in that remarkable book, *Poor Women*.

Miss Theodora Benson enjoys travelling abroad, and says so; and in case you should think that this is an assertion of no particular interest, I will give you some of her far more interesting and faintly comic reasons.

"There are many more frivolous satisfactions in this pastime," writes Miss Benson in **THE UNAMBITIOUS JOURNEY** (Chapman and Hall. 15s), "this barging along from place to place and sightseeing and moving on again and then coming home . . . It is all, you feel, in a world of uncertainty, something definite and undeniable; if you have been to Banjaluka, no one can take that away from you, even if it was quite a pointless visit, scurrying through in the rain and afflicted by fleas." And further on, "It is a big thing to me that I am now able to be the most crashing Balkan bore when I have to deal with people who have been to Russia." A fellow feeling stirs in me at this. These may be neither conventional nor particularly worthy reasons for liking travel abroad, but how acceptable and, we might as well admit it, familiar they sound to some of us.



ANGELS AT THE MANGER: A naïvely beautiful nativity scene by Maestro delle Vele included in *The Life of Christ in the Old Italian Masters*, published by Chatto and Windus in their new 5s. series

The travel with which Miss Benson is concerned in this book is a trip which she made in the early summer, with her friend and collaborator, Miss Betty Askwith, through Yugoslavia, Albania, Greece, Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Turkey. In fact, the Balkans. "A good time," as the author remarks, "was had by all," and this good time seems to have been mainly the result of Miss Benson's surely unique talent for friendships.

Travelling in trains, sitting in cafés, walking along delightful Mitylenean lanes, Miss Benson was bound to find the most charming and helpful companions. They showed her the most "glorrhius" scenery, they instructed her about trains and bazaar prices and food, and one of them was even called, believe it or not, Tepid Bay.

If one were going to follow, a little tamely perhaps, in Miss Benson's footsteps, insouciance would be one's motto, and a sense of humour and adaptability one's shield and buckler.

A CONQUEST OF TIBET (Macmillan. 15s.) is an abridged account of the travel reminiscences of that great explorer, Dr. Sven Hedin. To many of us who are not particularly enterprising readers, the title sounds a little forbidding. The book itself though is nothing of the kind.

It has been translated from the original Swedish very competently, and reads easily, though with a few unexpected and disturbing Americanisms, and one is faintly surprised to hear of things taking place "back of us in the white solitariness." This is not, I imagine, part of Dr. Hedin's own style, which is to describe the most startling happenings and the most lovely scenery with an impressive simplicity.

His book is not so much a record of his journeys, as a series of impressions, noted down over many years, and genuinely fascinating to read.

A BOOK LIST

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The pastoral scene on the left shows a young Pathan in the process of threshing corn with the aid of two bullocks—those trojan workers of the frontier. Note the impressive vastness of the landscape.

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AUSTRIAN SNOWS

Tyrol and Other Winter Playgrounds

AUSTRIA is a cheerful country at all times of year, but never more cheerful than in mid-winter. Winter sports have definitely come to stay; snow conditions are admirable, and in the high Alps they remain possible for ski-ing up till the end of April. The scenery is magnificent (a first view of Innsbruck and the terrific Nordkette range which towers up behind it, glittering in the morning sun, will not easily be forgotten); hotels are everywhere clean and good, and last, but by no means least important, the Austrians themselves are amongst the most charming people in the world, possessed of a spontaneous gaiety that would be a tonic anywhere.

INNSBRUCK AND ITS GIRDLE OF MOUNTAINS: The capital of Tyrol—a view looking across the city towards snow-clad heights

A recent Christmas spent near Salzburg was the best I ever had. Salzburg itself, which I knew from the long, warm, summer days of the Festival Season was curiously transformed; its streets hushed with snow, its spires and cupolas picked out in sharply contrasting lines of black and white, like a Christmas card picture, its shops—especially the cake shops—bright with candles and tinsel, and little Christmas trees with sugar animals dangling from every branch and a "Christkind" perched on the top; its cafés looking warm and tempting as the afternoon got lost in an early dusk, and a delicious smell of hot chocolate greeting one as soon as the doors were pushed open. The churches were brilliantly illuminated, and in each one people stood silent before a little tableau of the scene in the manger. Only the castle remained the same, high on its rock, grim and aloof. On Christmas Eve, at midnight, we went out into the garden and listened, through a deep void of silence, to the strains of "Heilige Nacht" coming from the village. It was a night of stars, very clear and crisp, and the white outline of the mountains could be plainly seen against the sky. . . .

Salzburg itself cannot be claimed as a winter sports centre, but there are mountains all round it, and their slopes are easily accessible. Of districts which make winter sports their particular speciality, however, there is no shortage. First, on account of its particular popularity with English people, comes the Tyrol and the country of the Arlberg, adjoining it on the west. Innsbruck is the "capital"—a beautiful town, and pleasant to spend a few days in. Igls, less than half-an-hour away by 'bus, is a small place, 2,700 ft. up, and with a cable railway connection to Patscherkofal snowfields, almost twice as high again. Fulpinas, also close to Innsbruck, is another good smallish place, and towards spring some excellent tours in the Stubaier Alps can be made from there.

North of Innsbruck, Seefeld is as much visited in winter as it is in summer. Snow conditions there are generally reliable from the middle of December until the end of March, and there is a very good ski-school, where beginners are turned into experts and experts kept up to the mark. There is, in addition, skating, tobogganing, slaloming, ski-jumping and ski-joring. Altogether, an admirable place. Next, the Zillertal and the Ötztal, to the east and west of Innsbruck respectively, must be mentioned. The Zillertal is lovely, and a real ski-ing enthusiast, if he does not already know this country, cannot do better than make some such place as Gerlos his headquarters. There are marvellous tours to be made; it is a small place, 4,000 ft. up, within easy reach of Zell-am-Zillertal, and it gets a lot of sunshine. The other well-known resort in this neighbourhood is Mayrhofen, which possesses a full quota of winter sports facilities of every kind.

The Ötztal lies towards the Arlberg. Sälden and Hochsälden are its chief resorts, the "hoch" in the second one representing 6,900 ft., as against the 4,600 ft. of Sälden itself. Here again there are varied attractions and an efficient ski-ing school. In the Arlberg proper St. Auten is the name famous above all others, and likely this year to become even more so. It has been a vastly popular place since the Hannes Schneider Ski School first started there. But popularity in this case does not merely imply overheated hotels, dance bands, and cocktails; all over Austria, with the exception of Vienna, hotel life is relatively simple, and the attraction of St. Auten remains sporting rather than social. Other places to be considered in the Arlberg are Stuben, Lech, and St. Christoph. St. Christoph is above St. Auten, and is a starting-place for expeditions rather than a place in which actually to stay. A motor sleigh (admirable vehicle) plies between the two.

IN A WORLD ABOVE THE CLOUDS: Imposing mountain scenery in the Salzburg district

IN THE STYRIAN RANGES: A ski-er nearing the end of his climb

Kitzbühel is now so well-known that it seems scarcely necessary to mention it. Actually, connoisseurs of good snow have been going there for the past thirty years, so its present outstanding distinction is no flash in the pan. One of the most attractive features about it is the great variety of things there are to do. There are said to be no fewer than fifty-four different ski runs in the immediate neighbourhood.

Carinthia and Styria, in the south and south-east of Austria respectively, are farther away, and consequently less well known to English people. But their time will come. Every season travel gets faster and cheaper (this year, incidentally, the fare reductions are notable — well worth enquiring into), and as the lure of winter sports becomes more general, so fresh territories are successively discovered.

A. G.

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VIENNA: International Ice Hockey Matches (December and January).

BADGASTEIN (Province of Salzburg): Toboggan and Ski Races (January).

SEEFELD (Tyrol): International Ski-jumping and Slalom Races, International Skating Competition (February 17th to 19th).

INNSBRUCK (Tyrol): F.I.S. Races, 1936. Downhill and Slalom Races of the Federation Internationale de Ski.

Ice Hockey Matches, Figure Skating Competitions, Curling, etc., will take place in connection with these races (February 21st to 22nd).

SEMMERING (1½ hours from Vienna by rail): International Bob Races (February 22nd and 23rd).

International Ski-jumping for the Zimdin Cup (March 1st).

KLAGENFURT (Carinthia): International Ski-jumping (February 23rd).

KITZBUEHEL (Tyrol): International Ski-jumping (February 25th).

LECH ON THE ARLBERG (Vorarlberg): Madloch Downhill Races (February 29th).

ST. CHRISTOPH ON THE ARLBERG (Tyrol): May Ski Races (May 3rd).

HEILIGENBLUT (Carinthia): International Glockner Ski Races (May 31st).

SOCIAL EVENTS IN VIENNA.

OPERA BALL (January 25th).

INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE TOURNAMENT OF THE AUSTRIAN BRIDGE LEAGUE (to be held in Vienna and Semmering, January 25th to February 3rd).

BALL OF THE CITY OF VIENNA (February 6th).

NUMEROUS HUNT BALLS, CARNIVALS AND MASKED BALLS, ARTISTS' BALLS AND PAGEANTS at which National Dress is worn (January and February).

VIENNA SPRING FAIR (March 8th to 14th).

Ask for details from the leading Tourist Agencies and from the

AUSTRIAN STATE TRAVEL BUREAU, 159A, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Telephone: Regent 5581

CONTINUATIONS

TWO GREAT RIVAL CANALS (Continued from p. 415)

within a few feet of its neighbour's back yard. From this little frontier hamlet runs a noisy steam-tram, more than ever out-of-date against the new background of electrically-operated locks and concrete bridges, into Dutch Limburg, snorting through the puddles and pebbles of chicken-runs and farmyards which must formerly have been part of the castellated chateaux that rot and fade along the valley of the Meuse. The Customs man on the Belgian side could not speak a word of French, but was at home in Dutch. On the Dutch side, the Customs men addressed the steam-tram's passengers in French; and I saw among the Dutch shop-signs as many French as Dutch names.

This is one of the few European frontiers I know of where the transition from one country to another is scarcely noticeable. Even Maastricht itself—intensely Catholic, dominated by its church towers, built largely of greyish stone and breaking out, from time to time, in a rash of cobbles, could just as easily be on the other side. "Our hearts," said a citizen of Maastricht, "are often on the other side; but our heads know better!"

Maastricht is not so happy about this canal business as it ought to be. The province of which it is the capital benefits enormously, of course, but the old city itself has been left out in the cold.

The two competitors, Albert and Juliana, running their separate ways with their separate noses in the air, virtually ignore the historic capital of Limburg. The two chief ports of the Juliana are Stein and Born, very new and very impressive with their vast paraphernalia of loading apparatus, their busy shipping, and huge locks. The actual canal, excluding the canalised river, consists of three reaches. It is 35 kilometres long, with a surface breadth of 46·50 metres. It is spanned by seven stationary bridges, and is controlled by a series of locks which are the last word in technical efficiency and, which like those of the Albert Canal, are accessible to craft of 2,000 tons. It is a link, not the least, in the great Dutch canal system by which the country's most important industrial areas are brought into direct water communication with the sea. Another link in that system has just been begun; the Amsterdam–Rhine Canal, which when complete will make it possible for the Limburg coal and industrial areas to ship direct to the two great Dutch ports, Rotterdam and Amsterdam and, who knows? the Juliana and the Albert may yet be induced to marry, thus adding a third port at the disposal of the coal mines and manufacturers. Let us hope that with all these facilities for shipping there will be something to ship, and somebody to buy the goods which are shipped. For it is costing a very great sum of money.

R. E.

WHERE DO COINS GO? (Continued from p. 416)

Edward's coronation year of 1902 and 1927. Since 1927 the output has been only about 5,000 a year, but the special Jubilee crown, struck this year, was issued in very large quantities. 150,000 were struck within a few weeks of the Jubilee.

The 4s. piece, introduced as an experiment in the golden Jubilee year of 1887, proved a failure. It was discontinued after a very short time.

Another curious aspect of our coinage is the ever-changing public taste in the matter of its money. Sometimes, for no accountable reason, the demand for one coin will fall while that for another will suddenly increase.

There is, at the moment, a shortage of shillings, and the Royal Mint is working hard to supply the deficiency. 2,000,000 bright new 1935 shillings are expected to be struck before Christmas. A few years ago the 1s. was our most popular silver coin, but recently it has yielded place to the 6d.

It may, or may not, have been a coincidence, but a few years ago the introduction on to the racecourse of the "Tote", with its minimum stake of two shillings, was accompanied by a widespread demand for florins. This demand was promptly met by the Mint.

According to the latest figures available, the Royal Mint during the fourteen years 1920-1934 issued the following coins.

29,188	Crowns
161,791,638	Halfcrowns
147,320,141	Florins
194,820,948	Shillings
235,302,826	Sixpences
57,489,287	Threepences
488,782,800	Pennies
232,996,800	Halfpennies
117,312,000	Farthings
1,635,845,628	

These coins represent silver pieces worth £51,000,000, weighing 5,500 tons; and bronze coin worth £2,700,000, weighing 6,000 tons.

R. J. Martin

A LOOK INTO CHINA (Continued from p. 428)

630,000 to catch up with the rest of the world? Where China envisages an expenditure of 2,000,000 dollars a year England spends £50,000,000. Is it such a great thing to be getting on with the Canton–Hankow railway, to be building at the rate of less than a hundred miles a year, when she has only one mile of track to 700 square miles of area, whereas Great Britain has one mile to every 5 square miles? When all is said and done, do the airways amount to so very much? Although China, it is true, is now manufacturing a certain amount of goods herself that were formerly imported, she is still very dependent on outside resources. Mr. Chen Kung-Po, in an article in the January issue of the *Chinese Economic Journal*, classifies under thirteen headings a number of commodities, including coal, iron, steel, machinery, timber, sugar, motor cars, rice, wheat, paper, and petroleum, all of them necessities of life, which are imported to the annual value of Hk. Tls. 736,509,911.

But to argue like this is to make wrong and unfair comparisons, to take little or no account of China's difficulties. "A nation of peasant farmers," to quote a writer in the *People's Tribune*, "of handicraftsmen, and small traders, still labouring under the old idea of government irresponsibility in economic matters, still largely under the domination of feudalism, has to be changed into a modern civilisation, with engineers, mechanics, scientists, large-scale enterprises, and international involvements." The great thing is that a start has been made, and that the problem is at last being tackled along practical lines. Pious aspirations are no longer enough.

STAGE AND SCREEN (Continued from p. 435)

chess-playing and bombast were outward and visible signs of the working of a mighty mind. They certainly convinced everyone else in the play and possibly the author and the rest of the audience.

One cannot have, on the stage, an eerie old house in the country without an eerie and evil butler as part of the establishment. Mr. Clayton Greene could hardly have been more unpleasant. Mr. Arthur Hardy supplied humour of the facetious type and Miss Grizelda Hervey great good looks. Mr. John Stuart, of film-fame, gave an excellent and straightforward picture of a distressed hero who has to be unheroic.

Mr. Victor Stanley's cheery cockneyism rang true; he is the cockney of all the ages, and one day he must play Sam Weller. I have never seen Sam played satisfactorily yet, but I believe Mr. Stanley could do it.

"Scrooge" (Film).—Sir Seymour Hicks' masterly stage performance as Scrooge has been familiar for many years, and is likely to become as historic as Irving's Matthias in *The Bells*, with which it is well worthy to rank. I have just seen Sir Seymour in the film version, and can think of no higher praise than to say that he is as brilliantly impressive.

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People show their delight in different ways. When Eyston won his world's records, several respectable elders of Utah were seen dancing on their hats: Eyston himself, the man most concerned, merely said, "I am satisfied." And you will be satisfied, if you give your car the petrol that Eyston chose—'BP' Ethyl. You can buy it, exactly as he used it, from any 'BP' Ethyl Pump. And you need not dance on your hat.

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IN the dark cold wintry months there is nothing more delightful than to get hold of a well-written book which brings before one the vision of the country in the first flush of spring, or the long sunny days of summer. Sitting by the fireside with the **COUNTRY CALENDAR** by Mr. A. G. Street, one wanders through the months of the year in delicious ease, gathering vivid pictures of the changing face of Nature. Mr. Street has an established reputation as a charming writer, with a personal knowledge of a farmer's life, its ups and downs, its joys and troubles.

This latest book of his, published by Messrs. Eyre and Spottiswoode (7s. 6d.), cannot fail to bring pleasure to all who can appreciate something outside town life. He leads us with him on his walks and rides, takes us fishing with him in his old punt, and tells us something of the varied work that occupies a farmer's year. After the noise of city life it is balm indeed to read of the fishing exploits, for though the trout caught were few, "they are dirt cheap, simply and solely because of the peace and beauty and privacy of that lake and its surroundings." The book is well illustrated by Mr. Lionel Edwards, whose pencil drawings convey the full atmosphere of the country and reveal his work at its best.

* * *

The same artist, Mr. Lionel Edwards, has also produced another book for hunting folk, **LEICESTERSHIRE SKETCH BOOK**, also published by Eyre and Spottiswoode at 21s. Besides the delicious little pencil sketches there are several full colour pictures, giving the characteristic incidents of hunting in the famous hunting county. Though Leicestershire is a busy industrial county, Melton Mowbray is still the Mecca of foxhunting folk, where the Quorn, Cottesmore and Belvoir meet. To all followers of hounds this book will recall pleasant days and will most certainly be welcomed on Christmas morning.

* * *

HAVE A NEW MASTER, by Dacre Balsdon (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.), is the story of an imaginary famous public school some years hence, and is described by the publishers as a "brilliant extravaganza." The trustees of the school, who include the Viceroy of India, are much disturbed by the resignation of the illustrious headmaster, to whom they have refused a rise in salary. Their efforts to find his successor form the amusing satire of the book, and in the end we find them persuading the head to remain at the princely salary of £10,000 a year!

A very interesting book giving the social conditions of England will be found in **THE FOUR GEORGES**, by Sir Charles Petrie (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.). A very different book from the famous one by Thackeray; it is "solely concerned with those events which during that period (1714–1830) changed the whole face of our national life, and with such movements and scenes as illustrate the attitude of our ancestors on various occasions during the reigns of the first four Georges." Sir Charles has made full use of most of the new material, in the shape of contemporary records, which have been published in recent years, and which throw new light on the ways and manners of the eighteenth century.

THE EXECUTION OF LORD FERRERS AT TYBURN, MAY 5, 1760: The last peer in England to be put to death as a felon. An old print reproduced in Sir Charles Petrie's book, *The Four Georges*, which has recently been published by Eyre and Spottiswoode and is reviewed on this page

We notice that he has found the Torrington diaries particularly helpful, giving many quotations of the opinions jotted down by the Hon. John Byng (as he then was — he afterwards became the fifth Viscount Torrington) as he rode on his various tours about England and Wales. The peculiar interest of the period covered in this book is the tremendous change from peaceful agricultural life to the industrial revolution, through the introduction of machinery. The author has a pungent style of writing, which has its own attraction, though all readers will probably not agree completely with some of his assertions. He evidently regards the Enclosure Acts as completely cruel and the cause of the decay of the countryside, an opinion not shared by all writers of English economic history.

Some writers insist that small holdings had been disappearing gradually throughout the previous century, and that the special hard cases quoted are not full statistics. But in spite of some disagreement, *The Four Georges* is a most readable book, full of interesting information on a fascinating period.

* * *

Children, as usual, are well provided for by the publishers this Christmas, many of the favourite authors sending out new volumes to delight boys and girls. Mr. Percy F. Westerman, well known for his sea stories, has written **THE RED PIRATE** (Blackie. 6s.), which will keep many a boy quiet as he reads of the doings of certain pirate submarines. **THE CHILDREN'S HOUR ANNUAL** (Hutchinson. 3s. 6d.) cannot fail to attract the young "listeners-in," who will be able to read some of the stories they have heard on the wireless.

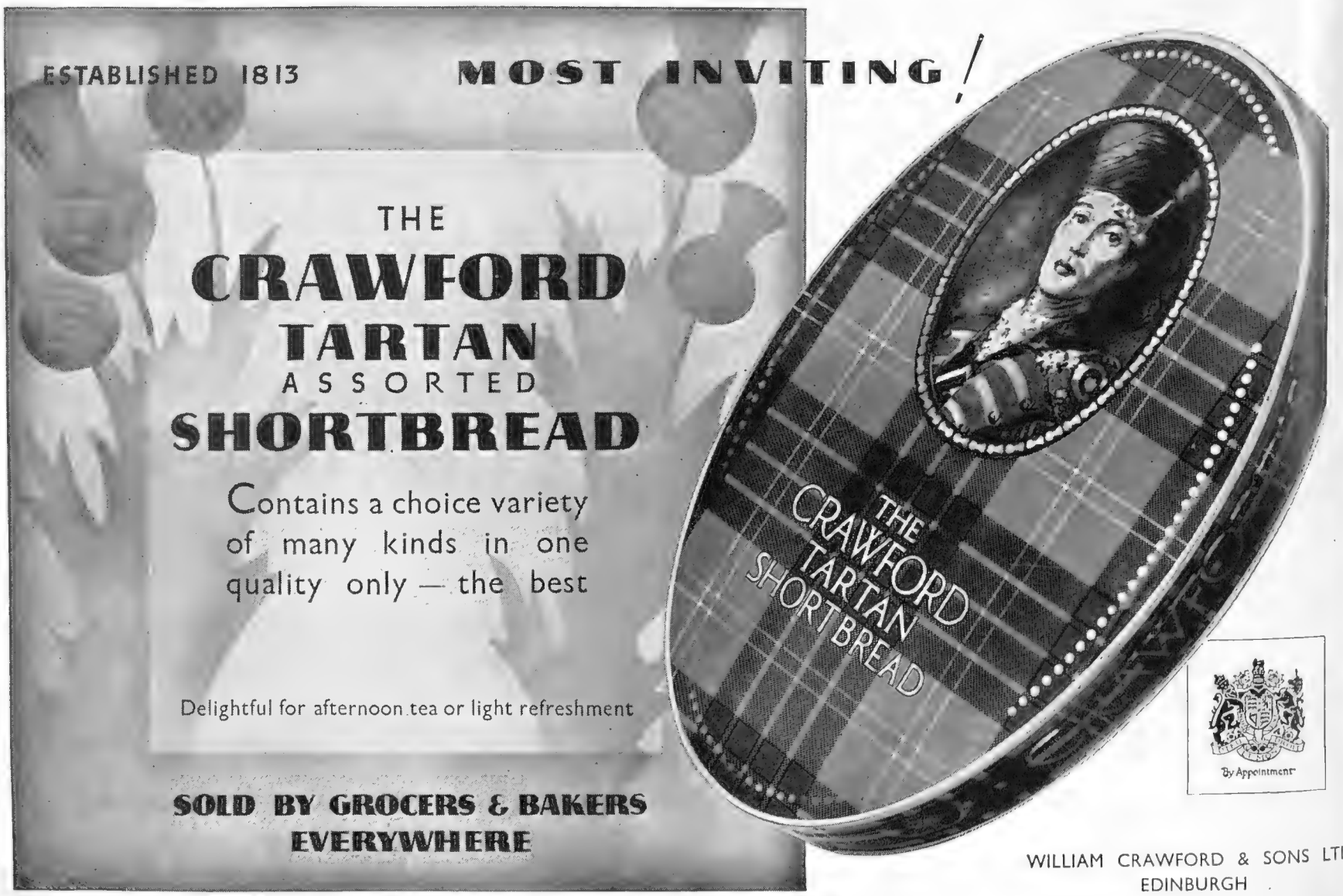
* * *

For those young folk who like stories of real life, **BRAVE DEEDS BY BRAVE MEN** (Raphael Tuck. 2s. 6d.) will appeal, with its stirring accounts of great actions of famous men from Columbus to Captain Robert Scott in the Antarctic. Messrs. George Newnes supply some of the quaint books and fairy stories which appeal to youngsters. **JANE SPROGG AND HER FAMILY**, by Gilly Sands (5s.) was a good-tempered woman, but very lonely, till some strange, odd adventures happened to her which must be read to be believed.

* * *

Miss Stella Gibbons, the well-known novelist, has written a fairy story, **THE UNTIDY GNOME** (Longmans. 7s. 6d.), illustrated by William Townsend. It tells how Gerda, a woodcutter's daughter, was stolen from her home by the elves, because her father had been cutting down the pine trees in which the elves lived. She is taken to the cave in which Kob, an old gnome, with untidy habits lives, and whom she transforms, Wendy-like, by her house-wifery ways. She is that happy type of child who can adapt herself to circumstances and be reasonably happy though, of course, she rejoices when through the help of the Fairies, she is returned to her parents. A pleasant book to read to children, who are never surprised at the clever doings of robins, and glowworms, or the "Little People."

B. H.



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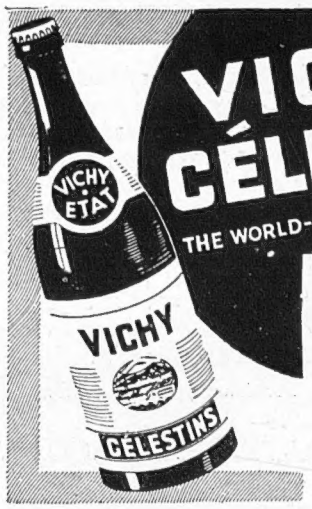

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* * *

Only a few may be aware that Stanley Lupino is a writer, and that his ability to entertain is not confined solely to the stage, and so many will receive a pleasant surprise when they read his delightful fantasy, *The Clown They Couldn't Kill*, which has just been published (A. B. Campbell and Co. 2s. 6d.), and can be heartily recommended as a Christmas gift book for the children. The tale, interestingly enough, was originally written by Mr. Lupino to entertain his youngsters, but as not a few will doubtless agree, it was far too good to be denied publication in book form.

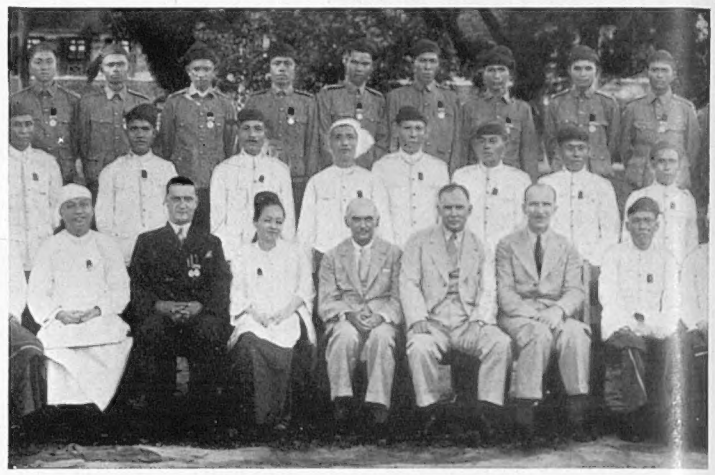
* * *

THE LATE HAYDEN COFFIN: A sketch made at Bath by John Shirley-Fox of the distinguished vocalist and actor who has just died at the age of seventy-three. He first appeared at the Empire, Leicester Square, in 1885 and thereafter was principal baritone in a long succession of important musical productions

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A Bridge Tournament will be held at the Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, London, W.1, on Wednesday, January 15, from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m., in aid of the above Society. The Viscountess Curzon has kindly consented to present the prizes. Readers of THE SPHERE who purchase tickets, at £2 2s. per table, will not only spend a really enjoyable afternoon, but will help a deserving cause. Please send applications for tickets to Lt. Com. Heathfield, R.N. (Retd.), 164, Shaftesbury Ave., W.C. 2.

THE REAL THING: An Etruscan sarcophagus which dates from the fifth century B.C., and is one of the treasures of the Archæological Museum in Florence. It is of particular interest at this juncture as the famous Cerveteri sarcophagus, for a number of years a prominent exhibit at the British Museum, has recently been declared to be a fake



FROM AN OUTPOST OF EMPIRE: A picture sent to us by a reader in Burma and showing members of the North and South Pegu Forest Divisions who were recently presented with General Service Medals for the gallant part they played during the Burmese Rebellion of 1931. The native woman in the centre of the group is the widow of a clerk in the Forest Service who raised a band of Karen irregulars and rendered valuable aid in the suppression of the revolt in the Zaungtu Valley

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Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Royal Foley Hotel.
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Knowle Hotel. Tel. 5.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Hydro Hotel, Daddyhole Plain.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel. Tel. 1912.
Weston-super-Mare.—Grand Atlantic. Tel. 1533.
Weston-super-Mare.—Grosvenor Htl (unlicen'd)
Worthing.—Percival's Hotel. Sea front. Tel. 1661.

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The Stafford Hotel, St. James's, S.W.1.

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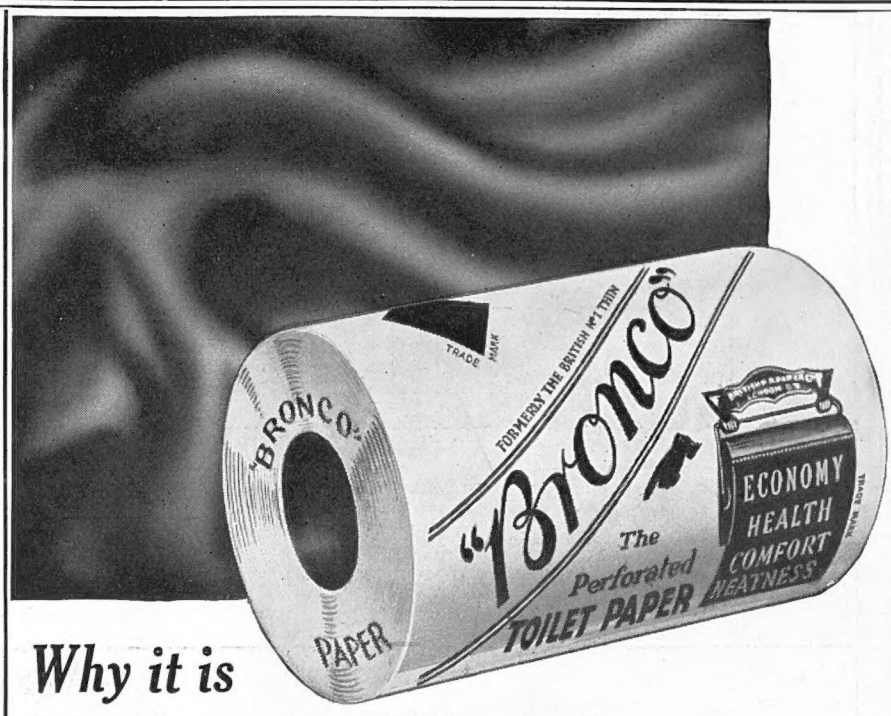
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Melville Crescent

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly.) Hotel.

IRISH FREE STATE

Glendalough, Co. Wicklow.—Royal Hotel.
Greystones, Co. Wicklow.—Grand Hotel.



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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

H., Wilts (South America). — The minimum return first-class fares to Buenos Aires by the three special tours organised by the Royal Mail Line are £110 by the *Asturias*, leaving Southampton on January 24, £92 by the *Arlanza* sailing on February 8, and £110 by the *Alcantara* sailing on February 21. Passengers have from eighty-four to eighty-six hours in Buenos Aires, and may use the ship as a hotel during the stay in port on payment of £1 per day (first class). The noon temperature at Buenos Aires during the summer months of January and February is 75° F. The two leading hotels there are the Plaza and the Savoy one of the best known restaurants being Conte's. During the summer months many families leave the capital for sea resorts such as Mar del Plata and Necochea, while Montevideo with its casino, fine beaches, and hotels attracts a fashionable concourse of visitors. Nevertheless we think you would enjoy a stay in Buenos Aires which is a fine city and well worth a visit, offering tourists a variety of entertainments during all seasons of the year.

N., Northants (Cyprus).—An inexpensive way of travelling to Cyprus is via the Prince Line, which runs a cargo service to the island from London every three weeks. The boats carry about twenty passengers, the round trip taking five to six weeks, and costing £40–£50. Ports of call en route include Malta, Alexandria, Jaffa, Haifa, and Beyrout. The Ellerman Line also runs a similar service from London, though carrying only about ten passengers, the round trip costing £40. The winter climate of Cyprus is cool and invigorating. The annual rainfall at Nicosia, the capital, averages a little over 20 ins., most of which falls in the months December to March, but a number of warm and sunny days can be relied upon throughout this period. The best time to visit the island is from early October to the middle of May, and clothing suitable for both the English summer and winter should be taken. Though the heat of the plains is trying in the summer months, there are several hill resorts accessible by motor car in two or three hours where the summer can be passed in eminently healthy surroundings. The Cyprus £1 notes and 1s. pieces are equivalent to the English notes and coins of these denominations. Accommodation at the best hotels in Nicosia, such as the Crescent and the George can be had for 8s. or 9s. per day, prices being a little higher in the summer resorts hotels. The cost of living is low and there is no income tax. There are facilities for tennis and golf at Nicosia, Famagusta, Limassol, and Kyrenia.

W. S., Yorks. (Tangier)—Tangier has a mild, sunny, and dry winter climate, the average temperature then being 55° F. The leading hotel is the El Minza, while a smaller hotel under the same management is the Villa de France, which is situated in a pleasant garden with good views of the sea. The Diplomatic Country Club has a 9-hole golf course the green fees for which are moderate. You could travel to Tangier by the Union Castle, P. and O., or Orient Line.

P., Lancs. (Rangoon).—The Henderson Line quotes a return fare of £86 to Rangoon, the ticket being valid for four months, or for twenty-four months providing passengers travel in both directions during the off-seasons (outwards, December to August inclusive, and homewards, June to February 14 inclusive). There is a sailing from Liverpool on alternate Fridays, the boats carrying one class of passenger only.

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

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